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CHANGE.

If May forgets not April's flowers,
June will—
Even hearts that throb and thrill like ours
Grow still.

July forgets what birds and flowers
June had—
Even hearts whose joy is deep as ours
Grow sad.

The pale leaves hear not what the flowers
Heard told—
Even hearts as passionate as ours
Grow cold.

T. S.

A PERILOUS GAME;

—OR,—

Her Mad Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

I WILL help you!"

Lady Blanche started quickly, as if the words had sprung from the lips of her familiar demon, the demon Jealousy, which at that moment was reigning paramount in the bosom.

She started even more violently as she looked at the man who had spoken, for it seemed as if the shadow of Lord Norman had sprung up beside her.

She even murmured his name!

"Bruce!"

The man smiled sardonically, and shook his head.

"No, my lady, I am not Lord Norman!" he said, calmly, with an ease that was almost insolent.

Lady Blanche looked again at him. The likeness to Lord Norman was extraordinary: had this man been dressed in an evening suit he might have walked into the ball-room and been mistaken by all but the closest observer for the earl.

As it was even in his deerstalker hat, and rough serge coat, the similarity of features struck Lady Blanche as mysterious, diabolical.

She stood for a moment looking at him, the faint color flowing and ebbing in her ivory-white face, while her heart beat fast and furiously; then she recovered her presence of mind, and turned her dark eyes upon him with haughty surprise.

"Did you speak to me?" she demanded, in the cold, hard voice which had struck a chill to many an inferior.

But it seemed to miss its effect upon this man.

With a slight smile he inclined his head, and stood eyeing her calmly, almost critically.

"I did, my lady, I heard your appeal for help, and—I answered it."

Lady Blanche was silent for a moment, and in that moment was trying to decide what to do.

There were two courses open to her. She could turn away with a haughty stare and leave him; or she could call to some of the servants and have the man punished for his impertinence in addressing her.

She did neither. Instead, she stood quite still and looked at him, looked at him keenly and watchfully, then she said—

"Who are you?"

He raised his eyebrows, as if with satisfaction at having induced her to remain, and smiled.

"I am a stranger to your ladyship, and my name would not enlighten you as to my identity. Just now, you called me by Lord Norman's name. Let me be known, for the present, as an individual who happens to bear a strong resemblance to his lordship."

Lady Blanche opened her fan and still paused. She seemed fascinated by the man's face, and more still by his manner, which was at once cool and insulting, and almost commanding.

"What business have you here?" she asked. "Are you a workman attached to the gardens?"

He smiled again.

"Do I look like a gardener, my lady? No; though my attire scarcely fits the character, I happen, unfortunately, to be a gentleman."

Lady Blanche glanced at him incredulously, but with increased curiosity.

"You have no business here," she said coldly. "You have no right to address me. I feel that it is my duty to inform the officials of your intrusion and have you expelled.

"We do not always do our duty, my lady," he retorted, if the calmness of his response could be called by so harsh a name as a retort. "I do not believe that your ladyship will cause a disturbance, for two reasons."

"What are they?" she demanded, turning her head towards him but with her eyes averted.

"One, because you are curious to hear what I have to say, and the other because I should not suffer myself to be molested without informing the company that I found you here playing the spy on Lord Norman and Miss Carlisle!"

The threat, for it was nothing less, was spoken in the softest, almost the gentlest of tones, but it went home like an arrow to a target, and Lady Blanche's face crimsoned.

"The first reason is sufficient, sir," she said. "I will admit that I am curious to know what you can possibly have to say to me. I would advise you to speak quickly: we may be interrupted at any moment."

He smiled.

"There is no occasion for alarm," he said. "If anyone should come, I can disappear as quickly as I appeared, and if your ladyship should be questioned you can say that you were talking to one of the—gardeners."

Lady Blanche colored again with shame and mortification. The man seemed to read her thoughts as easily as if they were an open book!

"Be quick please," she said. "Say what you have to say and begone!"

He leant against a palm, and taking off his hat, ran his fingers—they were white and slim—through his hair, as if he had all the evening before him, and was in no hurry.

"Your ladyship will be surprised to hear that I have been seeking for an opportunity to speak to you for some days past."

Lady Blanche was surprised, and for the life of her she could not keep her astonishment from showing itself in her face.

"I have watched, followed you night and day for days past, ever since I first saw you leaving the Duchess of Chiefeden's party a week ago."

"Why?" said Lady Blanche, then a fine sneer curved her lips. "I see, this is an ingenious prelude to an appeal to my charity, I suppose?"

He crimsoned for the first time, and his eyes gleamed dangerously.

"That is a natural enough conjecture, but it is a wrong one. Money? If that were my only object, I could have snatched a handful of pearls from your dress, or your bracelet, long before this. No, my lady, I am not a professional beggar. I may want money, but if I receive it of you it shall not be until I have earned it."

He said this quite calmly and coolly, and as if he had quite got over his sudden annoyance at her taunt.

"I knew that your ladyship was coming here to-night, and I determined that I would make the opportunity for which I have been waiting. On an occasion like the present it is not difficult to gain admittance to such a place as this, and I am here, as you see. Fortune, which, the proverb says, favors the adventurous, has rewarded me not only with an interview with you, but with a spectacle of Lord Norman's happiness. I, too, have been an eye-witness of the love-passage between Lord Norman and Miss Carlisle, and I am as desirous of spoiling his lordship felicity as you can be."

"Why?" demanded Lady Blanche, her breath coming fast. The quiet self-assured manner, the easy, self-reliant voice were telling upon her, impressing her strongly and strangely.

He smiled.

"To answer that question would be to go into too long a story for the place and time, my lady," he said. "Let it go, if you please, that I am willing to baulk Lord Norman's happiness for reasons of my own."

"You know Miss Carlisle?" asked Lady Blanche, watching him.

He shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"I have scarcely seen her; yes!" he replied.

"It is not her you——?"

"Hate!" he said, filling in the pause. "No. It is Lord Norman."

The candor, almost diabolical in its coolness, almost made Lady Blanche shudder.

She felt impelled to turn away at once and leave him, to get beyond reach of the soft, insinuating voice; but she could not obey the impulse; she could not move; some spell seemed to chain her to the spot.

"Why do you hate him?" she asked, in a low voice.

He smiled again, his lowered eyelids carefully guarding his dark eyes.

"That does not matter. Let us say that he has insulted me, if you like. That is cause enough for one man to hate another."

"You can obtain reparation," she said, scarcely knowing what she said, and intently watching him.

"How?" he demanded, raising his eyes. "If we were Frenchmen I could call him out and fight him. But this is England, not France; we are Englishmen, not foreigners. If I struck him,"—his teeth closed vindictively,—"he would give me in charge of the police. I should appear before the magistrate as a vulgar brawler, and my attempt to obtain reparation would land me in gaol. I have no wish to form acquaintance with one of her Majesty's prisons, my lady."

There was silence for a moment, then he went on, as if speaking to himself,—

"No; when a man in the position of Lord Norman, rich and titled, insults a man like myself, nameless and poor; there is only one way in which one can obtain revenge, and that is by waiting patiently until he can strike in the dark."

Lady Blanche shuddered again, and seeing the gesture of fear and abhorrence, he laughed.

"Oh, do not misunderstand me! I am not thinking of midnight assassination, my lady; that is too romantic and dangerous a proceeding for those hum-drum days. There are other blows besides those of the knife."

The music of the band playing one of Strauss's waltzes floated out dimly towards them, and Lady Blanche turned her face towards the ballroom, as if to convince herself that she was awake and not dreaming; that this man with the sardonic smile, who spoke of murder with such diabolical coolness, was not the hideous offspring of some nightmare!

"Perhaps it would be better for society if we returned to the practices of the dark ages, as they are called; but as we have our own code of morals suited to the present day, we must abide by them; therefore your ladyship need have no fear that I have intruded on you to concoct a plot for the removal of Lord Norman," and he laughed softly. "No! Let me but the case to you personally. Supposing—of course the supposition is a ridiculous one—but suppose that you bore ill-will towards the charming young lady who has gone off so happily on his lordship's arm, suppose you hated her as I hate him—" his keen eyes rested on her face watchfully, and he saw its whiteness grow to pallor, as if he had laid bare her heart. He put up his hand to stroke his moustache and hide the smile of satisfaction at the success of his suggestion. "No such ridiculous idea as that of bodily injury could occur to you. No, if—I say 'if'—you wished to do her any injury, you would strike at her happiness, not at her life!"

Lady Blanche averted her face swiftly, and lowered her eyelids till they concealed her eyes, but he saw the swift gleam of malicious desire which flashed into them.

"Of course the idea is ridiculous—"

"As ridiculous and absurd as my weakness in remaining to listen to you," she said, haughtily. "I have, much against my will, humored you long enough," and she gathered up her skirts as if about to leave him.

He made no effort to detain her, instead, he leant against the tree and folded his arms, as if he felt quite sure of her.

And he was right, Lady Blanche took two steps in the direction of the ball-room, and then—came back.

"I—I think you said that you were in need of money," she said, coldly, and yet not daring to meet his gaze. She took out her purse. "Here is some. You have earned it, for you have amused me!"

He remained quite motionless, making no offer to take the purse, and Lady Blanche smiled contemptuously.

"Are you too proud to accept alms?"

"Not at all," he said, coolly; "but it does not suit me to accept them from your ladyship—yet. I prefer to wait until you offer them not as alms, but as a reward, willingly and gratefully."

Lady Blanche looked at him.

"And when may that be, sir?" she demanded, with an insolent smile that would have daunted most men.

Oscar Raymond leant forward and lowered his voice.

"When I have robbed Lord Norman of his lady-love! When I have broken off the match between him and Miss Carlisle," he said.

Lady Blanche stood as if turned to stone, and the two looked at each other, eye to eye, for a moment in silence.

With all the force of conviction, Lady Blanche knew that it would be idle to trifle with this man. Let him be whom he might he was impervious to all the arts of which she was mistress. He knew that she loved Lord Norman! He had heard her despairing confession—had heard her appeal for help in wresting Lord Norman from the girl who had won him; and no attempt at haughty contempt or high-toned virtuous indignation would deceive him!

"You—you have spoken plainly at last!" she said, in a low agitated voice which she made no effort to compose. "You—you undertake a difficult task very rashly. I—I—why should I place any confidence in you?"

"Because you know that I—as well as

yourself—wish to separate them?" he said. "Because I hate Lord Norman and would do a great deal to destroy his happiness. Because I must and will have my revenge; and lastly, because I have placed confidence in you!"

"You!"

"Yes! What is to prevent you going straight to Lord Norman, and acquainting him with all that has passed between us?"

"Nothing," she said, trying to speak calmly.

"Yes; much! The desire that my threat may be fulfilled! Listen to me, Lady Blanche! This young girl comes between you and the man you love. I offer to separate them; to remove the obstacle! Will you accept my offer?"

"You cannot do it!" she said, in a low, quivering voice. "You do not know him."

He smiled.

"Do I not? I know him well enough to count upon him for his assistance!" he said. "Yes or no, my lady! Put aside the reluctance you feel to accepting the help of a stranger, who appears in this unexpected—romantic, if you will—fashion, and avail yourself of my services."

Lady Blanche was silent for a moment.

The music had ceased, the sound of laughter and many light-hearted voices came confusedly through the silence. She fancied she could hear Lord Bruce's deep voice, as he bent over Floris; fancied she could see her eyes alight with the new passion of love. Her heart beat wildly; her brain whirled: she put up her hand to her white brow, with a gesture of desperate resolve, and turned upon the man almost fiercely—

"Do what you promise—threaten—and claim what reward you will!" she breathed.

He let his arms fall to his side, as if he had anticipated the result, and his manner changed instantly from the cool impassibility it had hitherto displayed, to an acute alertness.

"Your ladyship has decided wisely. As to reward: Yes! I shall claim it when the times comes!"

Significant words, pregnant with an awful meaning for Lady Blanche, if she could but have known it, but, at the moment they passed unheeded by her ears.

She stood panting, and fanning herself, her eyes fixed expectantly on his face.

Two or three people passed in at the opening of the conservatory, but though she did not see them, his quick eyes noticed them.

With a dexterous movement he put out his hand, and drew her behind the thick screen of plants.

"Hush!" he whispered in her ear, "they are coming!"

At another time Lady Blanche would have resented his touch and action as an insult almost beyond endurance, but now she seemed unconscious of his presence, for Bruce and Floris came slowly down the aisle, and Bruce's head was bent over her just as her tortured mind had pictured it, and Floris was looking up at him with all her heart and soul in her eyes.

The sight maddened her; her teeth closed over her lips until the blood came, and she grasped Oscar Raymond's arm with a spasmodic clutch.

"They look happy, do they not?" he whispered in her ear, so close that she could feel his hot breath. "Stay where you are! Do not move. You will see me to-morrow!" and disengaging himself from her grasp, he glided away through the shrubbery.

Lady Blanche made her way back to the ball-room, and found her father yawning himself awake in one of the ante-rooms. When she declared that she was ready to go, the poor old earl quite brightened up with gratitude.

"Really! and the ball half over! 'Pon my word, you are growing sensible, Blanche! Lor! how I hate these affairs! If I had known what I should have to go through taking charge of you, Blanche, I should have married again, I should indeed!"

"Perhaps it would have been better if you had," she murmured, sadly, as she sank back into a corner of the carriage. Perhaps if her mother had lived, or some woman had taken her dead mother's place, she, Blanche, would not have fallen into the trap set for her by this stranger.

"Where is Bruce all the evening?" asked Lord Seymour, with an awful gape. "He hasn't been near me, and he usually comes and has a chat."

"I do not know! Do not speak to me of Bruce!" she said, bitterly.

The old man laughed.

"You and Bruce have quarreled again! Never mind, you will make it up to-morrow, as usual."

A bitter smile crossed her white face.

"Yes," she said, almost to herself; "we shall make it up again!"

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW time fled! Whether the band played square dances or round, whether she was on her head or her heels for the remainder of that wonderful night, Floris did not know.

She only know that Bruce, her sweetheart—how pretty a word it is, though Fashion has decreed it out of date!—was continually at her side, whispering passionate love in her ears, pressing her hand, even venturing to kiss her hair when he could do so unobserved.

He would have danced all the remaining dances with her, if she would have allowed him, setting at defiance the fury of her engaged partners; but Floris insisted upon his going off and doing his duty elsewhere, and it was half with amusement, half delight, that she watched him going through the business of a waltz with some other young lady, with his eyes straying, wistfully, hungrily towards herself.

At last Lady Betty grew tired, not, however, before the ball was nearly over, and at the end of a waltz,—during which Floris had been responding with "Yesses" and "Noes" to her partner's observations, without knowing in the least what he was talking about,—she found herself, touched upon the arm by Lady Betty's fan, all the worse for wear by this time.

"I think we'll go now my dear," she said, then she looked at Floris's face, radiant,—say rather, softly glowing—with happiness, with a stare of astonishment. "How is your headache, my dear?"

"Gone, quite gone!" retorted Floris, as if she had been suddenly insured against headache and all other aches, especially heartache, for the future.

"I should think so!" retorted Lady Betty with a smile. "No need to ask if you have enjoyed yourself! You look most absurdly happy! Just like a young girl at her first ball!"

"I think this is my first,—the first really big one!" said Floris, as they made their way towards the door.

"And for a first ball you have not done badly," said Lady Betty, "seeing that you have had your pick of the best men in the room, and have managed to make most of the women extremely miserable. By-the-way, how many times have you danced with Lord Norman?"

A crimson flush flooded Floris's face and she bent down to arrange her cloak.

"Oh not many, Lady Pendleton!" she replied.

"Oh, not many!" echoed Lady Betty, with a laugh. "Why, I have seen you dancing with him four times! No wonder Blanche went so early."

A spasm of pain ran through Floris's heart, but she fought against it. What did it matter, this coupling of his name with Lady Blanche's, while she, Floris, was his chosen love, his future wife? All the same, Lady Betty's bantering speech hurt her.

At the moment, however, she heard a voice at her elbow that dispelled all pain.

"Here you are!" he said. "Going? So am I. Come on, Betty! Miss Carlisle, let me put that cloak closer around your neck," and his fingers strayed to her ear, and he pressed it caressingly.

"Look here, Betty, I'm fearfully hungry," he said, as they reached the hall, and footmen were calling for Lady Pendleton's carriage. "Too hungry for grilled bones, which is all I should get at the club. Let me come home with you?"

"Will you?" exclaimed Lady Betty delightedly. "But I'm afraid there won't be much to eat, Bruce."

"I don't care! I'll take my chance. I am hungry enough to eat anything—Miss Carlisle even!" and he pressed Floris's arm.

"That would be carrying your attentions a little too far, Bruce," said Lady Betty, mischievously. "Can you squeeze yourself in the brougham, do you think?"

"If I could unscrew my legs," he said, laughing. "I'll get up beside John," and he put them in, and climbed on the box.

Lady Betty told them to bring up as nice a supper as they could, and then, entering into the spirit of the thing, she declared that, now Bruce had reminded her of it, she too was quite hungry.

The supper was laid in a very few minutes in the breakfast-room, that being, as Lady Betty remarked, the coolest room in the house, and Lord Norman, with a lady on each arm, led them in.

"Edward has gone to bed!" cried Lady Betty. "His speech was a great success."

"Here's the premiership to him!" exclaimed Lord Norman, raising his champagne glass, his eyes alight with happiness as they rested on Floris's downcast face. "I wish everybody joy and success to-night!" he added. "Betty, this is an admirable fowl, le me give you a wing. Flo—Miss Carlisle," with mock ceremony, "can I assist you to some more galantine? Betty, I think I shall stipulate for the future that you give us supper in this cosy little room after every outing."

"I shall be delighted, Bruce, if you will undertake to be always in this humor! What is the matter with you to night? You are like a boy! You remind me of Bertie! By the way, where did he vanish to? Bruce do you think you really ought to have any more champagne?" with mock gravity.

"I don't know. I am not sure that I ought," he retorted. "Champagne to a man in my frame of mind, Betty, is like oil on fire."

"What is the matter with you?" demanded Lady Betty, staring at his handsome face, more joyous than she had seen it since he was a boy home for the holidays.

"Shall I tell you?" he said. "Shall I tell her, Miss Carlisle?" and he leant across and smiled into Floris's eyes, which dropped instantly.

"Why do you ask her?" demanded Lady Betty. "How can it possibly concern her?"

He leant back in his chair and laughed, not loudly, but with pure, unrestrained, mirthful happiness.

"No, of course not! How can I concern her; eh, Miss Carlisle?"

"I think I will go now," said Floris, making an effort to rise, her eyes downcast, her face aflame.

"No, no, not yet!" he said. "Let us prolong to-night as long as possible."

"To-night, you silly Bruce; it is three o'clock!" said Lady Betty, looking at him with laughing perplexity.

"Then it is much too early to go to bed!" he retorted. "Sit down, Miss Carlisle! Never be the first to break up a pleasant party, if you can help it! Besides, you do not look tired, does she, Betty?"

"No certainly not!" answered Lady Betty. "She looks, as I told her, most absurdly fresh and radiant. And early in the evening she was complaining of a headache, too!"

"Ah, something happened to cure her, no doubt!" he said.

Floris looked at him pleadingly. Her heart was beating fast, her color coming and going with the quick pulsation of happiness which responded to his own.

Lady Betty stared from one to the other.

"What are you two plotting?" she asked. "You have some understanding between you, I am sure. Bruce, what makes her blush so?"

"Shall I tell you, Betty?" he said in a lower voice. "Shall I tell her, Miss Carlisle?"

"I will go," said Floris, rising.

He rose too and stood beside her, detaining her with a light yet firm grasp.

"Not yet, Floris!"

"Floris!" exclaimed Lady Betty, startled.

"Yes, Floris!" he said; "no longer Miss Carlisle to me. Betty, Floris has promised to be my wife: that is what makes me in such good spirits to-night. My wife, do you hear?"

Lady Betty gasped and stared.

"Not a word of congratulation!" went on Lord Bruce enjoying her amazement. "Cannot you find a word, my dear Betty? Or perhaps you disapprove? I forgot that Miss Carlisle is under your charge! I ought to have asked your permission and your blessing. Pardon me! It is not too late! Floris, shall we kneel to her in orthodox fashion?" and he put his arm round her waist and drew her to him.

Lady Betty rose, pushing back her chair, and found her voice at last.

"Bruce, is this true?" she exclaimed delightedly.

"Does it look like play acting?" he demanded. "Floris, she cannot believe it! She cannot understand what I have done to deserve so much happiness."

"Really true!" repeated Lady Betty. "Oh, I am so glad! Oh, my dear, my dear!" and she drew Floris away from him and kissed her. "I don't know what to say, I am so pleased! But mind it doesn't come quite as a surprise; I had an inkling——"

"Come, Betty, no prophesying after the event!" he remonstrated, holding up his forefinger. "I am quite sure that you guessed nothing of the sort! We hid our feelings too cleverly, did we not Floris?"

"Hid your feelings!" retorted Lady Betty: "why, you stupid Bruce, anyone could have seen, days ago, that you were head over heels in love with her."

"Oh, Lady Pendleton!" murmured Floris.

"It is true, my dear! But then I didn't feel so sure of you! And it has all come right! I am so glad! You cannot tell how glad I am!" and the tears came into her eyes. "But, Bruce you dont deserve her; you don't indeed! You can't conceive how good she is!"

"I can form a pretty accurate estimate, Betty," he said, quietly, his eyes resting on Floris's downcast face.

"And let me tell you, sir, that you did wisely in making hay while the sun shone! Another week or two and Floris would have had offers in every direction! I can tell you that from the impression she has made."

"I daresay," he said. "Perhaps she has had one already! Most men can tell a diamond when they see it!"

Floris flushed, then turned pale.

Lady Betty stood holding Floris's hand, and looking from one to the other.

"How surprised everyone will be!" she said. "And—and you proposed to-night! Oh!" with a sudden alarm, of course you will want to leave me now, dear!"

Floris looked at her affectionately.

"Why should I? Perhaps you will want to send me away, though!"

Lady Betty kissed her again for answer.

"I wish I could keep you always with me!"

"Thank you, Betty! Thank you!" exclaimed Lord Norman.

"Don't be foolish; I mean till you take her, sir! And,"—with a sudden brightening,—"why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't she stay with me? As—as my friend, I mean, dear! Of course, there must be no more of this 'companion' nonsense!" and she flushed. "Fancy having the future Countess of Norman for a 'companion'!" and she laughed.

"As I mean to engage her as a companion for myself, I hope you will give her a good character, Betty?" said Lord Norman, to whom the whole thing as regarded Floris's position in the house was an elaborate joke.

"If I stay—if you will let me stay," said Floris, gently, "it shall be just as I am."

"Well, well; we'll argue it out when we are alone," said Lady Betty.

"That's a tolerably broad hint for me to take my departure," said Lord Norman. "May I just have a cigarette before I go?"

"Yes," said Lady Betty, "and Floris shall tell Edward when he complains of the smell who caused it. There I am going now; good-night," and she left the two alone.

"I will not keep you to-night my darling!" he murmured, holding her in his arms. "How happy you shall be if mortal man can make mortal woman happy! Good-night, Floris! Good-night, my future wife! Will you give me one kiss before I go?"

She hesitated a moment. Then for the first time in her young life, she raised her lips and laid them on a man's.

Half-an-hour later, Lady Betty, who was far too excited to sleep, stole out of her dressing-room into Floris's; and there she saw Floris sitting at her writing-table, but with her head upon her hand, and fast asleep.

Lady Betty, without intending it, glanced at the paper under the white hand, and saw that Floris had written as far as,—

"Dear Mamma,—How surprised you will be to hear——" and had then, quite worn out, fallen asleep as she sat, pen in hand.

Lady Betty leant over her, with a strange, motherly feeling, and kissed her.

"My dear, had you not better go to bed?" she whispered. "Floris! Floris! My dear you have fallen asleep!" and she shook her gently.

Floris started and looked up with an expression of terror and suffering on her beautiful face.

"Where am I? Who is it?" she exclaimed, in a frightened voice.

"Hush, hush! my dear! It is I, Lady Betty. You are in your own room! How silly to try and write to-night! Why, no wonder you broke down. It is morn, there's daylight, see!"

"Yes, yes," said Floris, putting her hand to her head. "I was writing to mamma—but—but—" and she shuddered, and then smiled apologetically. "I have had such a dreadful dream!"

"A dreadful dream, dear! And no wonder, sleeping there in such an uncomfortable attitude! What was it?"

"I—I dreamed that—laugh! I do not mind!" and she laughed herself—"I dreamed that I was going to meet—Bruce"—the little hesitation before the name was charming—"and that I saw him coming down an avenue of trees; but that just as I was holding out my arms to him, something—someone— came between us, and—and Bruce faded away. I thought I struggled and fought to follow him, but though I could not tell what the something was that stood between us, I could not overcome or pass it, and—and—there was Bruce calling to me all the time! It was dreadful!" and she shuddered again. Then she laughed and stared at the note paper. "Poor mamma! How astonished she will be! Yes, I must finish my letter in the morning."

"The afternoon, rather!" said Lady Betty, firmly. "You shall not get up until after luncheon; no, not if I have to take your clothes away. Why you will be as white as a ghost to-morrow, and Bruce will bully all of us terribly. Come, go to bed at once, and no more dreams—of that kind—mind!"

When Lord Norman woke the next morning it was with the sensation of the man who woke the morning after his discovery of the Koh-i-noor.

Lord Norman was inclined at first to think that he had been dreaming; and then, when he realised that he had indeed won Floris's love, and that she had promised to be his wife, he sprang out of bed as if eager to snatch every moment of the life her love was to make so sweet.

By the time he had had his bath, he had planned out their future existence most charmingly. They would be married soon—of course!—and they would go to Italy. He knew that Floris would be delighted with Italy! Then they would come back, and settle for a time at Normon Holme. He would have the grand old place all done up for her: there should be a suite of rooms for herself, and a billiard-room, and new stables. Heaven, how he would watch over her, and guard her, and love her! She should always turn to him with the sweet kiss which she had given him so modestly last night.

And as for himself—well, he would turn over a new leaf! There should be no more gambling, no more—well, no more anything that was bad and foolish. All his life from to-day should be devoted to Floris. Floris! He had always loved the name from the moment he had heard it. Strange that he had loved her even before he saw her! Floris! Yes, it was a beautiful name! There were others pretty enough: Annie, Lenore, Blanche—— The last name in his catalogue made him start.

Blanche! He had—well, almost forgotten her! Blanche, to whom last night he had been on the point of offering his hand, if not his heart.

He finished his breakfast, and lighted a cigar, still thinking of her. What should he say to her? There had been no engagement between them, certainly not, or he would not have spoken of love to Floris! There had been no engagement, but still, though no positive, definite word had been spoken, he had been regarded by the world as her lover, had almost learned to regard himself as such! Why even last night he was on the verge of becoming so. Could he leave her to learn by the lips of rumor of his engagement to Floris!

No! He could not do that. Should he write to her? He took up his pencil, and formed the letters on the cloth.

"My dear Blanche,—I am engaged to Miss Carlisle; I hope——etc., etc.!"

No, no, he could not write. It would

seem heartless, cruel. He must go and tell her!

It was not a pleasant task by any means; it was one that was so distinctly unpleasant that it spoiled his cigar and made him get up and pace the room restlessly.

But Lord Norman, though the possessor of numerous faults, was no coward, mentally or physically; and having decided that he was bound in honor to see Lady Blanche, and tell her with his own lips that he had proposed to and been accepted by Floris, he did not shrink from it.

He called his man, and with his assistance got into his morning-coat and hat, and walked down to Eaton Square.

It was nearly twelve o'clock, and he expected—perhaps he hoped—to be informed by the footman that Lady Blanche was not up yet.

But the man showed him into the drawing-room, and there Lord Norman waited, staring out of the window, at one moment thinking of Floris—of dear, sweet Floris!—and the next of the stately, beautiful creature to whom he was going to announce his passion for another woman!

Would to Heaven that he had not been so — well — friendly with Blanche! he thought.

How would she take it? Would she—no whatever she might do she would not do anything inconsistent with her position, or her womanliness and modesty.

The door opened and Lady Blanche entered.

She was dressed in a morning robe of faint sea green; her golden hair hung down her back in a long coil, tied by a ribbon; she looked like a school-girl, as she forward with a little blush on her face, and with her hands held out.

"So early! How good of you, Bruce!" she murmured. "Have you come to breakfast? I have not had mine yet! Come with me!" and she drew him gently towards her.

"No, no," he said, almost harshly in his embarrassment. "I have had my breakfast, Blanche. I am very sorry I am so early!"

"It doesn't matter. You know I am glad to see you, however early or late you may be. And the ball—what did you think of it?" she said, in her soft, clear voice.

"Oh, very good, I suppose," he said, looking at the carpet.

Her velvety eyes—there were faint, black rings round them, that would have told a keen observer that she had not slept all night—were fixed on his.

"I thought it was a delightful one," she murmured, coming and standing beside him. "I was so sorry when papa came and insisted upon our going away."

"I daresay," he said, absently. "But I mustn't keep you from your breakfast. I'm glad to find you none the worse for yesterday's work, Blanche."

It was cowardly to shirk his duty thus, he felt and told himself; but was this the time to tell her, before she had even had her breakfast?

"And is that all you have come for, Bruce?" he asked. "I thought you had come to tell me something important, perhaps?"

Her smiling question gave him much courage.

"Blanche, you are right," he said. "I have come to tell you something. You—you and I have always been such close friends that I feel it almost a duty to acquaint you at once with anything that—that materially affects me. Hang it all, Blanche! I hate beating about the bush! Last night I ——"

A footman knocked at the door, and brought in a letter on a salver.

Lady Blanche took it and glanced at Lord Norman.

"May I?" she said.

"Yes, yes; open it by all means," he replied.

She opened the envelope. There was only a slip of paper inside, and on the slip of paper was written these words—

"I am here. If you are still willing to accept my aid, you will do well to see me; if not, send word that I may go."

She crumpled the paper up in her small hand, and said to the footman, "Wait outside!"

"Well, Bruce," she said, turning her face to him with a smile, gentle, patient, almost saint-like: the face was so white, the eyes so soft.

He looked down at her.

"Blanche, I have come to tell you that I have asked Miss Carlisle to be my wife."

She did not change color, as he had expected her at least to do; her eyes did not even shrink beneath his.

"Miss Carlisle?" she murmured,—"Miss Carlisle? Ah, yes! I had forgotten—Lady Betty's companion!"

His face flushed, though she had spoken the words calmly and gently enough.

"Yes, Lady Betty's companion," he said. "But, though Lady Betty's companion, a lady by birth and breeding. But that is nothing to do with it. What do you say, Blanche?"

She looked up at him.

"I am very glad, Bruce—very glad! Stop! may I send my message?"

"Yes, in Heaven's name!" he said, impatiently.

She had taken the news as coolly and calmly as if he had announced that he had engaged a new valet.

She went to the door; the footman was standing in readiness.

"Ask the gentleman to wait, please," she said.

Then she came back, and laid her hand on Lord Norman's arm."

"Now, Bruce, I am prepared!" she said, and her eyes shone and glistened up at him in a way which he remembered years afterwards, and remembered all too bitterly!

CHAPTER IX.

"ASK the gentleman to wait!" said Lady Blanche; then she came back and stood beside Lord Norman, looking up at him with a smile in her eyes, though her face was white and strained with the effort to appear calm and unmoved. "So you are engaged to Miss Carlisle, Bruce?" she repeated.

He looked down at her, rather taken aback by her coolness. He had expected some slight signs of surprise, of consternation.

"Yes, Blanche," he said. "You will give me your congratulations?"

"Yes, Bruce, with all my heart," she murmured. "I wish you every happiness, and her too!" and she smiled again, while her hand closed over Oscar Raymond's note tightly, fiercely.

Lord Norman drew a long breath of relief.

After all, the ordeal had not been so terrible a one as he had expected! He had been a dunce to think that she had ever cared for him!

"The marriage will take place soon, I suppose, Bruce?" she said, quite calmly, almost sweetly.

He nodded.

"As soon as possible. It is early to think of it yet. We—we were only engaged last night."

"Really! She is very pretty, and she looks very nice. I hope she will like me, and that we shall be great friends. I must call on her, Bruce, at once."

"Thanks, Blanche," he said. "Of course you will get on well together—and—and all that."

"Oh, I am sure we shall! She must come and stay with us! Of course, she will leave Lady Betty's?"

"No," he replied. "She will remain for the present. Lady Betty is very fond of her and wishes to keep her for a time."

There was silence for a moment, then she looked up at him with a very pensive smile.

"And so you are engaged at last! It seems so strange, after the world declaring that you meant to die a bachelor! Well, I am very glad, Bruce! It will be so much nicer you having a wife! Please give her my love, and tell her that I shall count her as a bosom friend from to-day!"

"Thanks!" he said again. "I'll be off now Blanche."

She gave him her hand; it was cold as ice, but he did not notice it.

"Good-bye, Bruce! And only last night!" she murmured. "What foolish mistakes people make!" and she laughed very softly.

"Mistakes! What mistakes?" he asked.

She laughed again.

"Why, last night at the ball, they were saying that Miss Carlisle would be Viscountess Cliffords, and all the while she had made up her mind to be Countess Norman."

His brow gathered in a frown for a moment, then he laughed.

"Oh, Bertie flirts with anyone, you know and I daresay he made all the running he could with Floris."

She nodded. The very name made her quiver as it left his lips, so lovingly, so familiarly.

"Poor Bertie! Let us hope it was no more than mere flirtation for him. Good-bye, Bruce!" and she let her fingers slide coldly lolly from his hand.

He got his hat and went downstairs, conscious of a vague feeling of surprise and confusion.

At the end of the hall he saw an old gentleman, with white hair and spectacles, and wearing a cloak that gave him the look of a musician or literary man rather out at elbows, standing regarding the weather glass.

The old gentleman turned, and regarded Lord Norman with a bland, amicable smile and Bruce, touching his hat in courteous response, passed out.

"This way," said the footman, rather curtly, and the elderly man slowly followed him up the stairs, and was admitted to the drawing-room.

Lady Blanche was standing by the window, looking down at the street, and did not turn her head until the footman had closed the door, and when she did so, she started with a gesture of astonishment.

Oscar Raymond took off his spectacles, and inclined his head, with a smile that was half amused, half sarcastic.

"I read the success of my disguise in your ladyship's face," he said, quietly.

Lady Blanche had recovered herself before he had finished speaking, and haughtily pointed to a chair.

Oscar Raymond drew it up to the table and sat down, his dark eyes resting on her white face with keen scrutiny.

"Is there any need for this masquerade, sir?" she said, almost contemptuously, her eyes dwelling for a moment on his white hair and general disguise, and then proudly turning to the window.

"Judge for yourself!" he retorted. "I have just met Lord Norman in your hall! He and I were once friends, and are now bitter foes. If he had recognised me he would have returned to warn you against me, and our plot would have been rendered abortive."

"Our plot!" she said, coldly. "I have not consented yet to join you in any plot, sir!"

He raised his eyebrows, and pointed to the note, which she still held tight in her hand.

"Then why did you answer my note, Lady Blanche?" he said, significantly.

Lady Blanche colored, and tore the note into fragments.

"Quite right!" he said, approvingly. "Nothing is more dangerous than documentary evidence. Always destroy notes of a compromising nature as soon as you have read them!"

Lady Blanche stood beating a tattoo with her slippered foot. The man's cool assurance maddened her; she longed to be able to point to the door, and bid him go, but she dared not.

Even if she were desirous of dispensing with his proffered aid, she had gone too far to be able to do so, and she was not sure that she did so desire.

The man had confidently assured her that he could and would separate Lord Norman and this hated girl—this Floris Carlisle!—and Lady Blanche felt that she could do and suffer much to compass such an end.

Oscar Raymond sat quietly watching her, as if he were reading her thoughts and weighing her scruples.

"Lady Blanche," he said slowly; "do you doubt my sincerity; or my willingness to help you; or my ability to do so?"

"I know nothing about you!" she said, coldly. "Last night you presented yourself to me in a mysterious fashion, and wormed yourself—forced yourself into my confidence; this morning you come to me, disguised in a fashion which suggests some high-flown melodrama! I am not accustomed to place trust in perfect strangers, sir!"

He nodded approvingly, not at all discouraged.

"Pardon me if I say that every word you utter only confirms me in my opinion that I acted wisely in offering you my assistance Lady Blanche. A weaker woman would have accepted me and the situation without hesitation or question; a weaker woman would not have suited my purpose. By your very doubts and scruples you have proved yourself capable of carrying out my idea."

Lady Blanche flushed.

"You speak, sir, as if I were the instrument and tool!"

"Oh, forgive me!" he said, softly; "I have nothing but the deepest respect for you, my lady. It is I who will be the tool if you will use the word. You ask me who I am?"

Lady Blanche made a gesture of cold assent, and stood looking down at him.

He rose and placed a chair for her, and though she declined it with a motion of her hand, eventually seated herself.

"My name is Raymond, Oscar Raymond," he said. "I am a gentleman by birth. I was at college with Lord Norman. You have noticed the striking resemblance between us; it was more remarkable then than it is now, and for very obvious reasons. Since he left college he has lived the life of a prosperous young nobleman, while I"—he smiled bitterly—"have struggled with poverty and ill luck, and have become—an adventurer.

"You, my lady, do not know the full meaning of the word; you do not know the daily, hourly misery and humiliation of having to live by your wits; to eat one meal under the grim uncertainty as to the next; to know oneself a gentleman, and yet to be without money and friends! That is to be an adventurer, and there is no harder role to play under the sun."

He began to pace the room, his eyes flashing under the white wig and eyebrows, and his voice coming quickly and with bitter emphasis.

"All through my life the contrast between Lord Norman and myself has haunted and tormented me. Here are we, both young, both gently born, and so like each other that even you, who love him——"

Lady Blanche flushed and her eyes drooped.

"—Could scarcely distinguish the difference. And yet he is the pampered idol of society, he fares sumptuously every day, and is clad in fine linen, while I—his counterpart—am compelled to prowl about like a bird of prey! Is not that enough to make me hate him? Yes! I hated him all through the old college days, when they used to call me Bruce's shadow! His shadow. But he has given me greater cause for hatred.

"He has insulted me as no man can insult another and hope to be forgiven, and for that insult I hate him with a hatred which nothing but revenge can satisfy. I cannot attack him in purse or honor, this is not an era of personal satisfaction; we do not fight duels, Lady Blanche, as I said last night; but we use our brains and our wits instead, and I shall have my revenge, though you help me or not."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALL persons, even those in good health and of sound mind, are subject at times to illusions. The brain is very delicately adjusted organ, is easily disturbed in its action by strong emotions, by furious passions by indulgence in day-dreaming, or any subject which too exclusively absorbs the attention. But, by keeping the head cool, and by avoiding unhealthy degrees of mental excitement, and devoting our time largely to practical subjects, and keeping the companionship of healthy well-poised persons, and correcting our illusions by our judgment, we may overcome the evil habit and establish mental health, unless, as is often the case, they arise from diseased states of brain over which the persons has no control.

ALWAYS be in haste but never in a hurry.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE AGNOSTIC.—An agnostic is one who, rejecting faith and revelation, holds that man has insufficient evidence or insufficient power for judgm nt concerning the existence of God.

COLORS.—White, the emblem of innocence and purity; red, the color of passion; yellow, jealousy; blue, constancy; green, hope; pink, love; violet, friendship; brown, indifference; black, death and despair.

CLINGING TO LIFE.—A snail brought from Egypt to England as a conchological specimen in 1846, and immediately gummed to a bit of cardboard, was found to be alive in 1850, after lying in the British Museum for four years.

POWDERING THE HAIR.—The custom of powdering the hair took its rise from some of the French ballad-singers at the fair of St. Germain whitening their heads to make themselves ridiculous. Unlike other habits it was adopted from the low by the high, and became very general about the year 1614. In England the powdered hair tax took place in May, 1795, at which time the preposterous practice of using powder was at its height; this tax was five dollars for each person. The hair-powder tax is still continued.

A GOOD GAME.—There is a game called Russian scandal, which is played in this fashion. A tells B a brief narrative, which B is to repeat to C, and C to D, and so on. No one is to hear it told more than once, and each is to aim at scrupulous accuracy in the repetition. By the time the narrative has been transmitted from mouth to mouth six or seven times, it has commonly undergone a complete transformation. The ordinary result of the experiment will afford an apt illustration of the value of oral testimony in times when the marvellous had an especial attraction for all classes.

BRUTAL SPORT.—Amphitheatres were vast erections in the Roman empire, calculated to amuse, or rather brutalize, the people, qualify them for military life, and render them indifferent to the shedding of blood. They were used for gladiatorial combats, as well as for fights between wild beasts. Of an elliptical form, they could accommodate thousands, who eagerly flocked thither to witness the carnage. In Tiberius's reign one fell in at Fidena, and history states that fifty thousand persons were killed or wounded. To celebrate Trajan's triumph over the Dacians, eleven thousand animals were killed in the amphitheatres at Rome, and one thousand gladiators fought during one hundred and twenty days.

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.—"I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried, 'My brother!' A sage passed that way and said, 'For whom dost thou mourn?'—'One,' replied he, 'whom I did not sufficiently love while living, but whose inestimable worth I now feel.'—'What wouldst thou do if he were restored to thee?'—The mourner replied that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he would but come back to his fond embrace.—'Then waste not thy time in useless grief,' said the sage, 'but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will, one day, be dead also.'"

TUBS AND PHILOSOPHY.—Diogenes, the celebrated Cynic philosopher of Sinope, was banished from his country for coining false money. He repaired to Athens, where he became a disciple of Antisthenes, who was at the head of the Cynics. He dressed himself in the garb peculiar to this school, lived in a tub, and was accustomed to walk about the streets with his house on his head. Such singularity, joined to great contempt for riches, soon gained him notoriety, and Alexander the Great condescended to visit him. Asked if there was anything that could be done to gratify him, the philosopher replied, "Get out of my sunshine." With this answer the king professed to be greatly delighted, and, turning to his courtiers, he is reported to have said, "If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes." Diogenes was once sold as a slave, but succeeded in so acquiring the confidence of his owner that the latter made him preceptor of his children and guardian of his estates. After a life spent in the greatest indigence, he died in the ninetieth year of his age, B. C. 324.

RUSSIAN BABIES.—Russian babies lead a peculiarly mummy-like existence until they are able to help themselves. They are always swaddled, and rolled up tight in bandages, so that they may be conveniently put away without risk of getting themselves into mischief or danger. On entering one of their houses an enthusiastic traveler thinks he has come upon some pagan tribe, having their idols and penates, with the heads well carved out and the rest of the body left in block. He looks curiously at one laid upon a shelf, another hung to the wall on a peg, a third swung over one of the main beams of the roof, and rocked by the mother, who has the cord looped over her foot. "Why, that is a child!" cries the astonished traveler, with a feeling similar to that experienced on treading on a toad which was supposed to be a stone. "Why, what else should it be?" answers the mother. Having learned so much in so short a time, the inquisitive traveler wishes to inform himself about the habits of the creature; but his curiosity being somewhat damped by the extreme dirt of the little figure, he inquires of the parent when it is washed. "Washed!" shrieks the terrified mother; "washed!—what, wash a child? You would kill it."

THE HOUR OF YOUTH.

BY BARONESS SWIFT.

No time is like the hour of youth,
So rosy and so fair;
When life is lit with sunny hope,
And free from anxious care.
When tender words of new-born love
Are whisper'd soft and sweet;
And blossoms beautiful and bright
Spring forth our steps to greet.

No time is like the hour of youth!
As nature in the spring,
So life is in its morning-time
A pure—a lovely thing!
Before the summer's scorching breath
Across its bloom has pass'd—
Before the balmy zephyr yields
To winter's chilling blast.

No time is like the hour of youth!
Oh, prize it while ye may!
For life is only, at the best,
A short and fleeting day.
Sow ye the garden of the heart
In youth with precious seed;
The harvest of the after years
Shall then be blest indeed!

GOLDEN LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "LOVER AND LORD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

WHEN it is finished, she comes back to her low seat, and watches Theodora's needle for a few minutes.

"I wonder when Sir Everard is coming back?" she says presently.

The needle is pulled up suddenly, and the delicate silk snaps; a flashing glance goes from Theo's eyes to Beryl's face. The girl is calm and pale, but a little wistful in face.

"I saw Mr. Fenwick yesterday, and asked him," she adds. "He told me he did not know. He fancied it might be a considerable time."

"Beryl," says Theodora in quick sharp accents, "the less you mention Sir Everard just at present the better!"

Beryl's eyes open with a wondering gaze. There is a frown on Theodora's face, which brings into it some resemblance to Marcus; her mouth is compressed and stern, her eyes gray.

She can hardly believe in her cousin's utter unconsciousness; woman of the world as she is, she begins to think the girl is shamming this innocence.

"What do you mean, Theodora?" Beryl says. "I do not understand you."

"I should have thought you could guess pretty well what I mean," answers Theodora. "I mean that, if you have any regard for your name, you will do well not to talk much about Everard Fane."

A hot crimson flush slowly mounts to Beryl's brow as the glimmering perception of Theodora's imputation, the first trembling sense of shame, finds its way into her mind.

But even now only this rising color acknowledges its presence. Her eyes meet Mrs. Carrington's steadily.

"Sir Everard and Mary Fane have been very kind friends to me," she says quietly. "I cannot think people will find anything to say against them. I am proud of and grateful for their friendship."

"That is all very well," Theodora replies, almost annoyed by the simplicity which the merest *debutante* in society, the veriest *ingenue* could scarcely match—"that is all very well. Platonic friendships are very pleasant; but you must be aware, Beryl, that your position makes it necessary for you to be particularly careful. You unfortunately married Mr. D'Arcy, and are so legally bound as though you had not been separated since that unlucky day."

"Do you think I am likely to forget that?" asks Beryl, with white lips.

"The world," Mrs. Carrington goes on, without heeding her, "is always ready to say unpleasant things of a woman living apart from her husband, and just now it is doubly important that you should be careful."

"I do not think I have ever given the world occasion to say aught against me," says Beryl slowly. "I have lived out of it as much as possible."

"Of course I personally do not expect you to cherish any great regard for Louis d'Arcy," Theodora says; "and I should not be sorry to see you free. But you will understand that you must be the last person to agree with me outwardly, since only his death can set you free."

"Free!" echoes Beryl. "Have I ever said that I wished to be free, Theodora? You cannot believe I am so utterly bad as to wish any harm to Louis? If he had insisted on coming back, I might have wished myself dead, but not him—not him. I have never had an evil wish for him, whatever he may have done—never dreamed this terrible thing you hint at. Did you think I was so wicked," she says, shuddering, "as to have wished him dead?"

"It was just possible you might not grieve greatly," Theodora replies, apparently unruffled. "But the possibility that the thing—that his death—may happen makes it imperative that you should not appear to have wished it—imperative both for your own sake and, even more so, for Fane's."

Beryl's flushes sweep back swiftly to her cheeks; and she does not speak.

"My dear Beryl, it is best you should know what has happened. It is false kindness to keep you ignorant. Mr. D'Arcy disappeared in a strange way from Dover when he returned there after seeing Marcus, and it is supposed—feared—he has fallen over the cliffs and been killed. But nothing is known positively, so we must hope he will yet be found."

Beryl sits quite still. She cannot realise it at that moment.

Louis, the handsome Louis she had once believed she loved, comes to her mind, and then the memory of the long years in which he has been only a strange shadow, a reminder of her folly and his cruel deception.

She has been so used to think of him as absent—but always there in the distance in the foreign land, always her husband till her dying hour—that she cannot believe him dead.

"And that," she says at length, in a strangely repressed tone, "is the reason you do not want me to wear this black dress? Theodora, I do not think I shall ever wear black for him. I do not think he will die; I have no wish that he should."

"But, Beryl, that is not all," Theodora continues.

And now for the first time, her voice trembles and hesitates; and she comes and sits by Beryl's side on the same pretty blue couch she had sat on when she strove to persuade the school-girl Beryl Ainsleigh to be Marcus Serle's wife.

"I wish to Heaven it were! There is something far more sad and terrible behind it. Marcus is trying to investigate it all quietly, but people will talk. They say Louis d'Arcy did not meet his death by accident. On that morning when it happened, he had cashed the cheque Marcus gave him, and it may have been that some one was driven to the crime by the knowledge of this money. But Everard Fane was in Dover, and he left in haste that day. He may say, and Marcus and I may believe, that your message prevented him from wishing to see D'Arcy, that he had intended going abroad; but slandering tongues, who have always evil on them, whisper that they met."

"And do they suppose," Beryl cries contemptuously, "that Sir Everard wanted his money? Or what is it they say? Why do you not speak plainly, Theodora? I shall not be hurt by their lies."

"Plainly!" repeats Theodora bitterly, wringing her hands. "It is you who will not understand, child."

And yet she recoils from telling the plain truth to the unsuspected girl.

Beryl suddenly turns and looks at Theodora's eyes, while a chill nameless terror rises to her heart, which begins to throb wildly.

There is agony in Theo's bright eyes that thrilled in the last sentence she has spoken; and they are full of the meaning she has known not how to shape into words.

Beryl half rises, as if she would elude the dark and fearful reality gathering shape in her brain.

And Theodora sees that the truth is half guessed.

"They say," she continues, hoping to rouse in the trembling girl the flames of faith and indignant anger—anxious too, now that the worst has come to Beryl's knowledge, and can be made no more terrible by being clearly told, that nothing shall be misunderstood—"they say that Everard Fane killed Louis d'Arcy for love of you."

A pallor like that of death is on Beryl's face, a wild misery in her eyes. No cry, no sound comes from her lips; but she drops down senseless.

For a second time in her life a blessed unconsciousness shuts out for minutes all too brief the bitterness of sorrow to which she must awake.

CHAPTER IX.

IT is Marcus Serle who has said that Beryl must be no longer left in ignorance of the events which have happened at Dover; and during the day, when he knows her to be at Rutland Square, he is wondering whether she yet knows the evil gossip, the mystery of D'Arcy's fate.

Since the morning which brought to him the *Dover Mercury*, Serle has been haunted by it all.

It seems to him that men he meets in the clubs are suddenly silent at his approach and have been talking of Mrs. d'Arcy's husband.

It seems to him that the whole world he mixes in is speaking with bated breath of the scandal.

He has tried with all his might to check the investigation at Dover, to speak lightly of the affair, and to express confidence in the safety of D'Arcy; but still it goes on, quietly indeed, but continuously, and he knows not what may be the next discovery.

Acting on his expressed belief, the police have advertised in the foreign newspapers for Louis d'Arcy, and offered rewards for news of him.

To what end? Marcus Serle knows the man will scent some danger in such appeals and keep more behind the scenes than ever; he is far too clever to be found, if he wishes to hide.

"I tell you," says Serle to the detective who seeks an interview with him, "D'Arcy is safe enough, and will reappear when he chooses. He is eccentric; his character on the turf and roulette table is not unimpeachable, and the more you advertise for him the more he will keep away."

"It may be so, sir. I hope you are right," answers the man; "but the case is a queer one. If he had wished to avoid Sir Everard Fane, it would be simple enough; but he didn't."

Marcus is silent. He dares not speak the truth; he can recall the story Fane had told Theodora of his youth; but that would tell against Fane in pointing to an old enmity, rather than against D'Arcy.

It would show that he remembered the swindler who cheated him. Who could for a moment suppose the card-sharper would recollect every young fellow he duped?

Perhaps in his heart Serle does not believe D'Arcy will turn up again in England.

It would be almost worth his while to start life afresh where he is not known, free from debt and his tarnished reputation, with a capital of two hundred and fifty pounds.

In that case Beryl would be believed to be free to marry again. But Serle knows very well she cannot wed Everard Fane; and he does not believe she will marry another man; but the sorrow and the shame may kill her.

The money for which he has striven will be safe for Cecil—there seems no fear of that; but Marcus turns with a groan from the thought, and wishes the gold had been at the bottom of the sea before it tempted him to do what he has done.

Going home late in the evening, and having dressed to take his wife to a fashionable dinner-party, Serle finds Philippa waiting for him, in the dining-room.

She is dressed with special care in a white silk dress with crimson velvet vest and cuffs, for the dinner is to be given at the house of an influential man whose wife is a leader in the circle beyond that in which the Serles customarily move. She looks very brilliant with her creamy skin and handsome figure.

"Are you ready?" she asks, as he buttons the long gloves and clasps the bracelets on her shapely white arms.

She expects a few words of flattery from her husband, knowing that she looks well; and, if she dresses for the company she goes among, she selects the gown's make and color to please him, and it is for his approval she looks.

He likes to see his wife well dressed, to be assured that in choosing a penniless governess he has also chosen one who can hold her own in any drawing-room.

"Yes," he says, "I am ready. We are late as it is, and I did not wish to be late at Sir Graham Robinson's. Put on your wrap; the carriage is waiting."

"Cecil has not been well to-day," she says, as she takes up the long fur-lined cloak and hands it to him to place round her shoulders. "Would you like to see him before you go?"

"What is the matter with him?"

"A cold, I think; he has been poorly for two or three days. He seems rather restless and feverish, but I do not think it is very much."

"Would you rather stay with him?" asks Marcus. "I could make your excuses to the Robinsons."

"Oh, dear, no; it would never do the first time Sir Graham has invited us! Cecil is often poorly, I suppose children generally are; I have had the doctor to see him, and told Beryl to send again if he gets at all worse."

"Beryl!" Serle starts. "Is she here?"

"Yes. I thought I'd like to leave some one besides nurse with him, and he asked for Beryl; so I sent the brougham for her, and she came directly and said she was very glad to have her thoughts diverted. I dare say she was moping about D'Arcy. Theo told her to-day, and she fainted over it. Shall we go down now, or do you want to say good night to Cecil?"

He pauses a moment; he thinks of his boy, and he thinks of the woman he has wronged. To-night he cannot even face her.

"Perhaps I had better not disturb him," he says; and he follows the trailing silken robes of his wife down the stairs.

The party at Sir Graham Robinson's is a large and brilliant one. The sumptuous dinner is served with splendor in a magnificent room.

Sir Graham—dignified and courteous as becomes the holder of position—is a pattern host; Lady Robinson—a clever woman and a skilful conversationalist—is a model hostess.

Sir Graham seems attracted by the cynicism and the acute remarks of Serle, and addresses a good deal of his conversation to him, directing thereby the attention of eminent guests to the rising young barrister.

He is heard to say, in his decisive judicial fashion, that Mr. Serle ought to be in Parliament, and who knows better than Marcus Serle that Sir Graham has a little borough under his influence, which he could give away almost as readily as the family living?

When the ladies adjourn to the drawing-room, Lady Robinson is very complaisant to Mrs. Serle, and the other women note approvingly her dress, her calm manner, and her handsome face.

Later on Mrs. Serle is asked to sing. She has a carefully-trained voice with nothing of the thrilling sweetness which carries Beryl's songs to the hearts of her hearers; but it is strong and clear; and she sing an Italian aria correctly and effectively.

The song is not quite finished, for the last verse has yet to be given, when a footman brings in a note, and takes it on its silver salver straight up to Mrs. Serle, as she stands by the piano, while Lord Arthur Dane is playing the symphony of the sweet song.

"I was asked to deliver it immediately," says the servant.

Philippa takes the envelope and tears it open, with a sudden agitation and quick throbbing upheavals of the lace and the gold chains on her white neck. It is Beryl's writing, hurried and trembling.

Lord Arthur raises his eyes in subdued curiosity.

"I hope it is nothing unpleasant," he murmurs.

On the folded paper is but one solitary sentence—

"Come home at once, for Cecil is much worse!"

Twenty minutes later, Marcus and Philippa Serle stand together by the boy's bed.

The doctor is speaking to them; Beryl kneels by the bedside with her face hidden in her hands, and little Cecil lies there white and calm, as if he were asleep, her golden curls straying on the pillow, and the eyelids closed over the big blue eyes for ever.

"It is all over," says the doctor. "Poor little fellow, I could do nothing for him. Mrs. D'Arcy sent for me two hours ago; but I have been afraid of an attack like this; he had no strength to withstand it."

And, with two or three words of condolence he leaves them.

Philippa, the rich folds of her white and crimson dress sweeping behind her on the ground, jewels on her arms and neck, and the crimson fan at her side, stands motionless, gazing down at the little pale tranquil face in the pretty cot.

She is stricken almost senseless by the shock of grief. She knew he was ill; but she had shut out doubts and fears, refused to believe in the grave looks of the physician.

Cecil had been ill so often; he was certainly no worse this time. It was folly to be nervous about children, and one was naturally disposed to be much too timorous with an only child.

But she cannot shut out this; she cannot open those blue eyes or make those baby-lips smile at her.

Swiftly Beryl rises from her knees, a dark slim figure, with shining tearful eyes, and throws her arms round Philippa, forgetful of all that has happened to part the two who once were each other's closest and dearest friends.

"Philippa, dearest Philippa," she says softly, "he is happy—our darling is happy, though he has left you in such terrible sorrow. You and Marcus will comfort one another. He died so peacefully and quietly, just saying, 'Kiss me, Berry; good night;' and I thought he was going to sleep. Dear, dear little Cecil!"

And so it happens that Marcus Serle's child dies nursed and soothed by the woman his father betrayed for gold, and with her name the last on his innocent little lips.

* * * * * * *

Wandering restlessly, vaguely, on the Continent is Sir Everard Fane, striving only to drown self, to keep away from Beryl d'Arcy, the only woman he can ever love, but the wife of another man.

He travels through France, he walks down the familiar Champs Elysees, the Avenues, the Boulevards of Paris, and quickly leaves them for Ardennes and Luxemburg.

He goes over the battle-fields on which Frenchmen and Germans struggled and died, where the ground has run with blood, and the cries of victor and vanished have rent the air.

He sees Metz and Strasburg and Saarbruck, and hurries on by the castles and quaint cities of the Rhine, with their grim legends and strange stories, to the Gothic grandeur of Heidelberg's castle, and the glorious cathedral church of Stuttgart, careless whither he goes, anxious but to avoid Englishmen, the sound of the English tongue.

He hears from Dover of Louis d'Arcy's disappearance, and writes back a simple account of what he knows, that, receiving a telegram to say it was no longer requisite he should see D'Arcy, he had not sought him after that first visit to the Harp Hotel, had not seen him, but had departed at once for France, as he was desirous to be there as soon as possible.

The only thought it gives him is that Beryl may be set free. He takes no heed of the cautious undercurrent of the carefully-worded epistle.

Then there comes a letter from Serle, telling him D'Arcy is certain to turn up again; there is not the least proof of his death, and intimating that Fane would do well to stay away at present.

Fane merely understands that Serle's complicated story and stiffly conscious wording imply knowledge of what has passed between himself and Mrs. Carrington—knowledge that he has confessed to a love for Beryl d'Arcy.

He journeys on by the Swiss border to Zurich and Berne; he sees the infinite lovaliness of the lakes, of Lucerne and Neuchatel, and gazes into the blue depths of beautiful Leman,

> "Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
> As beautiful as Dian's face."

But he turns from the gaiety of the happy Genevese, from the goat-bells and the peacefulness of the valleys to the frowning sublimity of the mighty mountains.

> "To him
> High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
> Of human cities torture."

'Amid the ice and the snow, in the clear invigorating air he goes over ground he had visited seven years ago, the autumn following his own first and last personal dealings with Louis D'Arcy.

How little had he thought then that the man who cheated him of his money would cheat him of the happiness of his life! To the exquisite scenes of Switzerland and

Italy he had thought to bring Beryl, his bride—had thought!

How long ago it seems since those happy thoughts were in his mind! And Beryl, his beautiful Beryl is tied for life to a worthless wretch whose greatest virtue is that he possesses so little love for her that he can leave her alone, unmolested, in fettered freedom.

His own lot is sad enough, but how infinitely worse is that of the sweet and graceful woman, the wife of Louis d'Arcy! He who would have studied her every wish and thought can do nothing to help her, to protect or comfort her. The wisest course he can pursue for both is to keep away from her.

CHAPTER X.

IT is late in the season, and the tourist tracks are almost deserted when Fane crosses the Grand St. Bernard and spends a night within the mighty stone walls of the Hospice.

In the morning, before he starts again on his wandering way, one of the monks, who has noted the generous young Englishman's deep interest in their work, takes him into one of the chambers of the hospital where he has not been before.

A ghostly chamber enough it is. It has inhabitants of its own, its complement of guests—and quiet guests they, who give the brothers little trouble.

Everard Fane's pulses throb strangely as he walks among these lodgers. They stand as though but pausing a while, waiting each for the coming of his friend. Among them there is a tall Englishman, with ruddy beard, dressed in a gray tourist suit; there is a bronzed Yankee, with a sharp-cut, clever face, and a mere lad, fair and unwhiskered, in full mountain attire. There are faces Fane could fancy he had seen but yesterday, so familiar seem their features, so ordinary is their costume, their bearing, their look. Yet it is five years since anyone he knew has looked upon this light-haired lad's countenance; five years ago there had been weeping and despair in some home, perchance a mother's and sister's grief over one whose steps they have tried in vain to trace. It is twelve years since that acute American crossed the Atlantic for a European trip, and thirty times twelve months have passed since the lips of one of those strange guests have opened to speak to a brother man; nor will they ever open to speak in this world again—they are sealed with a seal that cannot be broken.

Standing upright there in form, feature, and clothing as they once walked and spoke, like men suddenly petrified by some demon power, they are as lifeless as the corpses in the graveyards, as the dry bones that bleach on the desert; the outer shells of men, the husks which the world saw and knew, each in his place sometime, somewhere.

Snow and sleep, avalanche, crevasse, and precipice have given over these mountain-travellers to the icy hand of death. The monks and the hounds of St. Bernard have found their bodies and brought them hither, where they are given lodgment in an atmosphere that defies the finger of decay. No friends have come to identify them and learn of their final fate.

As Fane turns away from the weird and horrible assembly, with its fearfully blended commonplace familiarity and unearthly ghastliness, it seems to him that someone else has followed him and his guide into the apartment, someone with whom he is now brought face to face.

This is a middle-sized man of slight build, with remarkably handsome features, black hair, and a long black moustache, with dark strange eyes and a pale face. He is well-dressed, and has long white hands.

Fane knows him in a moment, and starts back at the sight of the man he supposed hundreds of miles away. It is not a countenance to easily forget.

"D'Arcy!" he exclaims.

There is no word, no gesture, no glance in answer, though Fane is just before him and his eyes appear to look straight on Fane. And what means the livid, ghastly pallor of his skin, the vacant unspeaking stare of his lack-lustre eyes?

"D'Arcy! Louis d'Arcy, is it you?" cries Fane again, with an agitation of which he scarcely knows the meaning, and seized with a threefold greater horror than before had encompassed him—why he hardly recognizes.

And the figure stands dumb and motionless, with closed lips, rigid face, and blank eyes.

The monk hears Fane's perturbed cry, and perceives something of his excitement.

"That is one," he says, "whom we found quite dead, and buried in the snow on the mountain-side six years ago."

* * * * * *

People say how terrible, how shocking is the whole story, when they learn its bare outlines—as much as we can expect to know of the comedies and tragedies of other lives; and they deplore the extraordinary and audacious fraud which has been practised on poor Mrs D'Arcy and her cousin, Mr. Serle.

It is easy to see now, they say, why the wretched impostor, sought to avoid Sir Everard Fane, who had known the real man, it appears, in earlier life, which Mr. Serle of course had not; and easy to believe the swindler lives.

The old tale of Mrs. D'Arcy's marriage is revived in a new form. It is voted intensely interesting, as the conclusion has proved so dramatic, and the daring bridegroom of this lovely ward in Chancery is exalted into a semi-heroic position, since it comes out that he has not neglected her or died in a commonplace fashion, but perished terribly within three months of his marriage-day among the Alpine snows.

There is another ten-days' talk ere a fresh and more exciting topic appears in connection with people who are more widely known and whose domestic life can be freely discussed.

And Marcus? The next autumn he meets the pseudo Louis D'Arcy in the gardens of Monte Carlo.

"So the game's up!" says the man quietly. He is shabbier than when he stopped Serle in the Mall; his face has grown haggard, his eyes are sunken.

"Yes, it's up," returns Serle shortly. "What did you mean by writing to me last March? Your impudence is only equal to ——"

"A lawyer's! You seemed to understand my meaning. You sent some money."

"More fool I!"

"That depends. I should congratulate your wisdom."

"What induced you to run off like a lunatic from Dover, and raise a hue-and-cry?"

"A letter from Mr. Marcus Serle—a letter which I still have, by-the-bye."

Serle winces as he realizes the position in which he has put himself.

"Perhaps I might have responded to the hue-and-cry if I had been certain my learned friend would have stood by me," continues the man. "As it was, I did not see the use of running a risk when I was unacquainted with the full circumstances, and decided to keep quiet till the row was over."

"And why did not you keep quiet, confound you!"

"Frankly, because I am still alive, and, being so, must have something to live on. It's no joke to lose a rich wife all in a hurry! When the death of our common friend, poor D'Arcy, came out, I saw we were sold; but I have been very useful to you for six years, and it stands to reason a friendship like ours cannot be severed at once!"

"You will get not another penny from me; I tell you that plainly!"

"Indeed! It might be unpleasant for you to decide so rashly. The whole truth would make a pretty story to be known concerning Mr. Serle!"

"Didn't I tell you before that you would not get a soul to believe it?" says Marcus, savagely. "Do you suppose my reputation can be affected by your lies?"

"I am speaking of the truth—strange thing to speak of to a lawyer, isn't it? Don't forget the letter I mentioned just now.'

"A forgery, of course; so the world would say. You did cheat me for six months; the world says you continued to do so for six years. Do you think you could persuade it I was your accomplice? Don't waste breath in trying to frighten me, Michel; it will not repay your trouble."

But Marcus Serle's face is hardly so calm as his repressed tones. It is pale, and the eyes are restless. What the world says is all in all to him, and the bare thought of having to face the frightful truth with indignant denial, to swear down the perfect effrontery which his antagonist, backed with that some wretched truth, can bring to his aid, is agony, even though he may be as confident of the issue as he declares.

Michel watches him and laughs a harsh unpleasant laugh.

"Ah, well," he says, "we would not wish to be too hard on old friends; but I think I could string a pretty good tale if the need arose! But what will Mr. Serle do for his unworthy friend for the sake of 'auld lang syne'?"

Serle pulls out his pocket-book, and gives some notes into the other's hand.

"I give you these," he replies, "as you are pleased to say, for 'auld lang syne,' because you were once useful to me. But don't delude yourself with the idea that, when you have gambled it away, you can get more out of me. And I advise you not to try your pretty story in England, or it might land you in quick time in one of Her Majesty's gaols."

Michel takes the notes, with a meek bow.

Serle moves away sharply, and is gone before the other can speak; but he looks after Serle for a moment with a shrug of his shoulders and another sneering laugh, then turns on his heel, and walks straight to the gaming-hall.

* * * * * *

But, before this scene takes place, the drama of Beryl d'Arcy's life is played out, for she is Beryl d'Arcy no longer.

On a bright day in spring, when the gay sunshine is streaming on the fields, and the trees and hedges are covered in the daintiest and loveliest emerald tints, when the birds are singing, the lark carolling in the clear sky, and all the earth is rejoicing in nature's resurrection from the frosts and snows of winter, Everard Fane and Beryl are married. Not in London; but in one of the beautiful old temples whose towers and heaven-pointing spires rise through the pure country air, thronged by twittering swallows, where flowers in bright profusion bloom in the garden-like graveyard, and the tall trees round are the home of cawing rooks.

In the peaceful village-church of which Mary Fane's husband is the Rector, Fane and Beryl are pronounced by him man and wife. Comely smiling villagers look on and murmur a blessing on the bride's fair sweet face; bright-eyed rustic children strew flowers in her path, and the joy-bells ring out over the fertile meadows of the sunlit valley.

Then Sir Everard and his wife journey together to other bright and peaceful scenes in fair England; they linger by the ever-restless waves that dash upon the shore, and wander through the pleasant lanes where linden and ash trees meet and intertwine their branches overhead and nightingales sing in the bankside copses. But, whether in sunshine or in rain, in calm or in storm, whatever ground their feet may tread, wherever their lot may be cast, henceforth they have light in their own hearts and joy in one another, in the pure gold of true love, the only gold without alloy.

"Once more we meet, the lonely hours are o'er,
Once more we meet and own the past was best,
Never to part, oh, darling, never more,
Until the angels call us home to rest!"

[THE END]

THE BUSHMAN.—Of pigmy stature, and of perhaps the lowest grade of any of the races of humanity, possessing neither headmen nor chiefs, nor even proper names, the miserable Bushman or Boajesman of South Africa is yet dreaded and avoided by the stalwart and warlike Kaffirs, Zulus, and Hottentots by whom he is surrounded. So much is this the case that these tribes submit in quietness to the loss of the greater part of their worldly goods in the shape of cattle and horses, which are constantly being stolen by their crafty little enemy, who can hide himself behind a stone or a few shreds of scanty herbage, or, if necessary, bury his yellow body in the sand, which in color it so nearly resembles, in order that he may escape detection and carry out his nefarious designs.

Indeed, it is not until their patience is utterly exhausted by the numerous depredations to which they are subjected that a number of them will reluctantly combine together to root out their wily foes. And why is this?

No one who looks at that puny savage carrying a tiny little bow and a quiver of wretched featherless arrows, never exceeding eighteen inches in length, and of about the thickness of a quill, the heads frequently composed of pieces of bone, and only occasionally of small triangular-shaped bits of that to him almost priceless metal—iron, would imagine that he possessed much power to harm any living being, much less the magnificent natives of the Cape and the adjacent country.

But these same wretched little arrows are tipped with a subtle poison, which in almost all cases carries death with a scratch, and in some cases, according to the kind of poison used, causes the victim excruciating torture, speedily ending in the loss of reason and death.

The little weapon is manufactured first of a reed, bound at one end by a piece of ligament from an ostrich, or some other animal; on the other end is placed a piece of bone, to give weight at the tip, and assist the arrow in its flight; and next comes the sharp triangle of bone or iron which is to form the barb, and which is placed loosely in its socket, so that when it has struck the mark the shaft of the arrow may be withdrawn, but the head will remain within the wound. Three kinds of poison are used, the first entirely vegetable, the next vegetable, with which is mixed virus, extracted from the poison-bag of the cobra, or some other venomous serpent, and the third consisting of the juice of a grub called n'gwa or k'xa, which latter kind causes the indescribable agony already referred to.

It is a disputed point whether or not any antidote exists with regard to the first and third of these poisons, but in respect of the second the mixed nature of the venom renders the application of any remedy out of the question. Fortunately for the neighbors, the Bushman is but an indifferent marksman, and unless he can get within six or seven yards of his target any thing smaller than a haystack is pretty certain to escape unhurt.

The Bushman carries several of his arrows in his headdress so that he may always have some ready to hand, and such is the rapidity with which he can snatch them from their place and fit them to his bow that it is no uncommon feat for a Bushman to get off three shots within two seconds.

A WORD TO GRUMBLERS.—Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your part of the trouble, and bear it bravely. You will be sure to have burdens laid upon you that belongs to other people, unless you are a shirk yourself; but don't grumble.

If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about the other boy who ought to have done it, and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the job that others leave undone—they are the true peacemakers, and worth a regiment of growlers.

M. S.

TWISTED SENTENCES.—An editor thus acknowledges a present of grapes, "We have received a basket of grapes from our friend W., for which he will accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter."—A widow, intending to succeed her husband in the management of a hotel, advertised that "the hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

A coroner's verdict reads thus, "The deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

KILLED BY A PICTURE.

THE following is a remarkable, though true, story. The Prince and Princess de Ridziwell adopted their little orphan niece, Countess Agnes Lanskoronska, and had her educated with their children in the castle of Neuremska, in Poland. A large saloon, used for state balls, dark, magnificent, and panelled in oak, divided the suit of apartments occupied by Agnes and her cousins from those of Prince Radziwell and his wife. It was necessary to pass through it to go from one end of the chateau to the other, unless one went by the garden, an inconveniently round-about way. For this saloon, Agnes, then aged five, manifested an unaccountable aversion, and such was her disinclination to pass through it, that, if forced to do so, she fell into convulsions. When questioned as to the cause of her fright, she gave as her reason the terror with which a large picture of the Cumsean Sibyl, by Titian, inspired her. This picture hung over one of the lofty doors, had a massive gilt frame surmounted by the arms of the Radziwells, and as it represented nothing likely to terrify a child, the prince treated his niece's abhorrence as babyish caprice, and insisted on her passing through the room like everyone else; but always with the same result.

The more sympathising princess at last interceded for the little girl, and as her husband did not choose to have the *chef d'œuvre* of his collection located in a lumber-room, he unwillingly allowed Agnes to pass outside, through the court, or by a terrace in the garden. A little sedan was got for her use, in which she was carried in wet weather, and for twelve years she went round, winter and summer, at least three times a day. Prince Hohenlohe tells the sequel.

When Agnes had completed her seventeenth year she was very lovely. Amongst her suitors, the favored one was Prince Wisnowiski. To do honor to her betrothal, her aunt and uncle invited about fifty or sixty of the neighboring nobility with their children; and after the banquet, the young people, to amuse themselves, proposed a diversion known in Poland as the King's Hunt. Agnes was placed at the head, in compliment to the high rank of her fiance, and had to lead the merry procession through different rooms. Some of her friends bantered her on her dislike for the saloon, which they declared the finest in the house, and best suited for their games, and she, unwilling to disappoint them, consented to lead them thither. At the door she stopped, turned pale, and seemed almost fainting, then refused to enter.

Her lover, with tender words, laughed at her fears, and jestingly tried to push her in. She clung frantically, despairingly to the door-posts, but he was the stronger, and getting her past the fatal threshold, pulled the doors to, and held them fast. A weak, despairing voice from within cried, "I am dying; save, oh, save me!" and was answered by a peal of merry, mocking laughter from without. It still echoed from the vaulted roof of the gallery, when there was a crash, a heavy fall, and a scream so shrill that it froze the jest on Wisnowiski's lips. He dashed open the door, and there, dead, bathed in her blood, lay his betrothed. The struggle at the door had loosened the fatal picture; it fell, the gilded iron armorial bearings that crowned it striking the unhappy Agnes on the forehead and thus justifying her sorrowful presentiment.

PAVED WITH EXTINCT STARS.—In a recent scientific paper Sir John Lubbock says: "Like the sands of the sea, the stars of heaven have ever been used as effective symbols of number, and the improvements in our methods of observation have added fresh force to our original impressions. We now know that our earth is but a fraction of at least 75,000,000 worlds. But this is not all. In addition to the luminous heavenly bodies, we cannot doubt that there are countless others, invisible to us from their great distance, smaller size or feebler light; indeed, we know that there are many dark bodies which now emit no light, or comparatively little. Thus, in the case of Procyon, the existence of an invisible body is proved by the movement of a visible star.

Again, I may refer to the curious phenomena presented by Algol, a bright star in the head of Medusa. This star shines without change for two days and thirteen hours and a half, dwindles from a star of the second to one of the fourth magnitude; and then, in another three and a half hours, reassumes its original brilliancy. These changes seem certainly to indicate the presence of an opaque body which intercepts at regular intervals part of the light emitted by Algol. Thus the floor of heaven is not only 'thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,' but studded also with extinct stars—once, probably, as brilliant as our own sun, but now dead cold as our sun itself will be some seventeen millions of years hence."

IT NEVER COMES.—We never have to-morrow; it is simply a world of prophecies. It has been said that the two great pleasures of living are in having something to love and something to hope for, and the last of these is ever before us in the promise of "to-morrow." To-morrow we may not know, and it is well that it is thus ordained to be, for beyond the invisible veil that conceals alike its coming joys and sorrows, our fancy may revel only in what is beautiful and fair, nor see the gloom or shadow of coming trials and wordly afflictions, that, could we anticipate as fixed realities that were certain to come, would mar all our peace and enjoyment of the present.

WORTH AND COST.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

In ways of trade, all eager to find out
The cost of that one has a mind to buy
We halt, and if a scheme's true worth's in doubt,
We seldom e'er the risky project try.

Yet strange it is how few will note the cost
E'er they are caught in Folly's gilded net;
Where most that makes life's real wealth is lost,
For no return but woe and keen regret.

With strength of mind and sense of honor fled
And body frail that erst was hale and strong,
Too late they learn where Sin deceptive led—
And nothing costs so dear as doing wrong.

An Anonymous Letter.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"NOW, good people, I trust there are enough of us to be merry."

Grayharmon was full even to the little room in the tower.

"I expect that all will try to do their best to make themselves comfortable—then I shall be. Pray, all of you feel and act as if you were at home. This is a monarchy, but I assure you, a very limited one—a republic rather, where reigns liberty, equality and fraternity on a small scale."

Thus Lady Harriet Herrington, the handsome, genial mistress of Grayharmon, addressed her guests assembled in her charming country house.

No one ever refused an invitation from Lady Harriet, unless owing to illness; and people declared that she had some subtle influence about her that always made her guests happy and good-tempered.

There was certainly something in that. She was the best hostess, but also she was a most careful selector of those to be invited.

"We must have no disturbing element, my dear Maud!" she exclaimed, in her musical, pleasant voice to her especial friend, who always arrived a week before the rest. "I ask people to come and be happy; if they can't, why——"

"They had better stop away," smiled the young girl addressed.

"Exactly; care and tears come soon enough to all of us, without inviting them to our houses."

Maud Mercier made no reply: but as she bent over the flowers she was arranging, a sigh, half stifled, parted her small lips.

Opinions were diverse respecting Maud Mercier's claim to beauty. Some called her lovely, others perfection, others 'really nice-looking.'

These, *entre nous*, dear reader, were mothers with marriageable but plain daughters; others said she was too thin; others, too washed out.

The latter, a strange term, yet applicable to some blonde beauties, but certainly not to Maud Mercier.

Fair she was, but neither washed out nor insipid; her complexion was of pure fairness, her hair of straw-gold, and she wore usually light-hued garments; but the deep blue of her large, gentle eyes, the roseleaf tint of the lips, some shades deeper than that on her cheek, and last, not least, the intelligence of the sweet oval face, gave sufficient coloring to make Maud indeed lovely.

"Who is coming, Harry?" she inquired, after a slight pause, passed in snipping off the long stems of some black roses; "I have not seen your list this time."

"My love, I couldn't possibly take the trouble of enumerating them. The list is in my desk, if I have not destroyed it."

"Oh, it's no matter, I daresay I shall know some."

"Of course you will. There are the Boisovers, the Deans, Sir John Davenford, Mrs. Alleynson——"

"What, the widow?"

"Yes, the widow. Don't you like her?"

"No; frankly I do not. You know she has been staying for the last six months at Kennet-Abbotts. I do not think she is sincere."

"My dear Maud, I'm sure she is not," laughed Lady Harriet; "but she is light-hearted, cheerful, never depressed, therefore a great acquisition in a country house. You perceive, in wishing my friends to be comfortable, I ask, of course, those who are to be so; besides, there are to be one or two officers my nephew, Captain Oxenham, is going to bring down, and the widow always goes well with them. As a rule officers want someone to bring them out, until they've been well in action."

"Do you think so?" remarked Maud, leaning lower over the flowers.

"I fancy so, but here is the carriage; so leave the flowers, my dear, or we shall be late at the rectory."

The young girl obeyed, and as she followed her hostess a thoughtful, almost a sad expression, came into her eyes, while the sigh once more hovered on her lips.

Before the end of the week the guests began to arrive. Among the first came Mrs. Alleynson, the young widow — bright, pretty, vivacious.

"My dearest Maud," she ejaculated, with effusion, "how charmed I am to see you!"

"I know she hates me like poison," thought Maud Mercier.

"And you are looking so well, too," proceeded the widow. "So much better when you visited Kennet-Abbotts last. Then—ha, ha! that's no wonder! fortunate girl that you are! By-the-way, what guests does our sweet hostess expect?"

"I know the names of a few only," replied Maud Mercier. "There are those you see; then the Deans and Walthams are coming; also, I understand, Captain Oxenham brings down some officers."

"Officers!—delightful! I like officers—they are *toujours gais*, and ride so well—— Ah! so we have the pleasure of meeting again, Mr. Dunsmain; we parted, but not for ever—ha, ha!" and the lively widow glided away to another guest, reflecting, as she went, "What a colorless, washed-out piece of humanity, that Maud Mercer is!"

Mrs. Alleynson was a brunette.

The next day and the next more guests arrived, and now only the captain and his friends were to come.

"They'll be here by the last train," said Lady Harriet, during the evening, in the drawing-room, which now presented a very full and animated appearance.

A quarter of an hour later she whispered to Maud—

"They have come, dear, and will be with us directly."

"Will they?" replied the girl, carelessly. "I shall be glad to see Bertie."

Then she turned again to the illustrated "Dante" that she was looking over with Lucy Dean.

Military men were well enough, but she was not so delighted at their advent as the widow.

Interested by the pictures and little Lucy Dean's babbling talk, Maud had quite forgotten the coming guests, when, above the hum of talk and laughter in the room, there came to her ear a voice that made her lift her head with a start, and brought a scared look into her eyes.

Then, as pale as death, she leaned over the book, her small hand grasping the table. She no longer saw the pictures, nor heard Lucy's chatter.

That voice. Had she been deceived? Some voices might be alike, yet the speakers different! It was impossible that he could be there! At least, Maud hoped so!

Recovering herself after a space, she found courage to look round. She was sitting in the deep embrasure of a window that opened on to the terrace, now inundated with moonlight.

Lace and silken curtains hung between her and the drawing-room, but they were now looped back giving a pretty view of the grounds.

In the centre of the handsome, well-lighted apartment stood a tall, military, fine-looking man, with aristocratic features, dark, expressive eyes, and large drooping moustache.

He was talking to Mrs. Alleynson with that ease only acquired in good society, while the glance now and again wandered round the room, as if studying the guests.

Maud felt herself trembling in every limb.

A faintness seized her. To her relief, her companion, catching sight of the new arrivals, quitted "Dante" to ascertain who they were; whereupon, Maud Mercier rising, stepped quickly out upon the terrace.

"Gaston Spenser here!" she reflected, much agitated. "Here! Once again we are together beneath the same roof! How thankful am I that I know it. Had I come unexpectedly face to face, I might have betrayed that old secret—foolish, unrequited love. Yet I could have borne my future better if he and I had never again met."

Leaning against the balustrade, the soft silver moonlight falling about her graceful figure, clad in a light evening-toilette, she became absorbed in a past remembrance—the remembrance of how a girl of seventeen she had visited a country house where Gaston Spenser, thirteen years her senior, had been a guest.

How he had taken her under his guardianship, taught her to leap her little bay mare, and once had saved her from a dangerous fall; how to her he had been the beau ideal of all that was handsome chivalrous, good: and how her foolish heart had gone from her, never to be taken back: then followed the recollection of the bitter morning when Colonel Spenser had "laughed and ridden away" ignorant that he took with him the love of the fair girl he had treated so kindly.

A strange thing such memories. Maud, as she recalled them, felt again the peculiar thrill which she used to experience when Gaston Spenser's eyes rested on her.

Unconscious of the ethereal picture she made standing thus motionless on the moonlit terrace, she was also ignorant that a gentleman coming into the window embrasure had beheld her.

First he had started as he marked the profile against the silver-gray background; then bent quickly forward as in doubt, and finally rapidly advanced, exclaiming:

"Am I not deceived? Can it really be possible that I have the pleasure of again meeting Miss Mercier?"

Maud turned, starting, a wave of color suffusing cheek and brow; but, commanding herself, she said, smiling, and extending her hand:

"Colonel Spenser! This is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

"To me very much so," he answered, holding the little hand perhaps a trifle longer than etiquette warranted. "I had half a mind not to accept Captain Oxenham's invitation, wanting quiet, having just returned from India. How glad I am now that I did."

His eyes no longer looked upon her as once they had done.

At present they were full of so ardent an admiration that Maud could not encounter them.

"Yes," she smiled, trying to suppress her heart-beats; "it is ever nice to meet old friends."

"It is; yet how different you are now from the little girl to whom I gave riding-lessons," he laughed.

"And whose life probably you saved," she answered. "You find me changed, no doubt."

"Only," he added, with respectful fervor, "that you are far more beautiful than even then."

"A compliment was ever on Colonel Gaston's lip," laughed Maud; "but when did you last see the Stuarts?"

"Not since I met you at their house. You know, Miss Mercier, that I have been in India for some time."

So the conversation drifted into less embarrassing topics, and Maud speedily could talk calmly enough; but during the evening that ensued Colonel Gaston hardly once left her side, and when Maud retired that night she wept tears as bitter as any she had ever shed. She felt sure that Gaston Spenser loved her.

It was the third morning after his arrival. The hour was early, and Maud was the only one, as usual, down.

She was an early riser, and always renovated the flower-vases, sometimes before the guests were out of their beds.

This morning, however, as she glided across the lawn in her dress of white cashmere, knotted by cardinal-colored satin ribbons, her face was troubled and full of sorrow.

She knew now, as plain as words could speak, that Colonel Spenser loved her.

"I must ask Harry," she reflected. "She must tell him—she must be my friend. Matters may not go on thus, for his sake—for mine."

Then, as she traversed a small hawthorn-alley, she halted with a little startled cry, for coming towards her, looking, oh! so bright and happy, was no other a personage than Colonel Spenser himself.

"You are surprised to see such a sluggard as I up so early, Miss Mercier," he laughed. "That India makes us woefully idle. But I am wise enough to follow a good example when set me. May I carry your basket?"

With a few murmured words Maud released it to him.

She dreaded—she trembled at this tete-a-tete.

She had cause. Not many paces had they gone when Gaston Spenser, his voice low and earnest, spoke:

"Miss Mercier, I had a far more serious reason for my early rising than I have given you. I knew I should find you here, that no time was better for me to say what I desired without intrusion. I wanted to see you very much."

Maud felt herself turn pale; she tried to speak, but could not. He marked her agitation, and proceeded.

"Miss Mercier, you are moved—you are affected. Am I wrong when I think, when I hope, that what I am about to say will not take you by surprise nor give you any pain?"

"Oh!" she murmured, distressed, "pray, Colonel Spenser, say no more; I entreat—I implore you!"

"That is impossible when a heart is so full as mine. Miss Mercier—Maud—I must speak. Maud, you hold my happiness in your hands. I love you!"

He tried to take her hand, but the girl drew quickly back.

Faint and giddy, she leaned against the hedge.

"Oh! do not reject me," he pleaded. "Do not think my love but of a sudden, evanescent growth. Ever since we first met, your sweet face has ever been my ideal of woman."

"Hush! I entreat you," broke in Maud, almost with a cry; "you must not address me thus. Colonel Spenser, I may not hear you; I am engaged—betrothed to another."

"What!" he cried, stepping back; then in a sad tone that pierced her heart; "Forgive me, Miss Mercier. Thank you for letting me know my fate. May you know that happiness I never can!"

"Do not say that Colonel Spenser," she answered, almost inaudibly. "Your fate is not worse than other's. Bear it as they do—as they must!"

He looked at her curiously, then cried—

"Miss Mercier, you do not love him you would wed?"

"It is true," she replied, simply. "I yielded to a father's dying wish. A promise to the dying is irrevocable."

"No! no!" he exclaimed. "This must not be. Maud your eyes have been traitors to what yur lips would hide. I feel—I know I am not indifferent to you!"

"Colonel Spenser, I know you to be a man of honor, and will respect my confidence," she remarked, plaintively. "No, you are not indifferent. If circumstances had been other than they are——"

"I might have hoped, Maud?" he broke in.

"Now it would be an unkindness—a folly."

"I will not believe it. Maud, tell me this man's name. I will see him—I——"

"You forget, Colonel Spenser," said Maud, with quiet dignity. "It is the dead, not the living, that I consider. My promise cannot be recalled. Let me proceed—and—pray do not refer to—to this again. I rely on your honor."

And with a calm face, but breaking heart Maud hurriedly quitted the alley.

Silently, overwhelmed, Gaston Spenser let her go.

"If I did not know this man, I might—I would save her—though it should be my life against his. She loves me—I know it—I feel it. I will find out—I will. That lovely girl shall not be sacrificed to a parent's selfish desire."

"So," reflected Mrs. Alleynson, who, at the other side of the hedge overheard all, "matters stand thus, do they! Well, my fine Colonel, you shall know. Who can tell but I may find a means of being revenged on this hypocritical girl for taking from me the man I had so nearly won! And on you too, Lyle Carstone, for slighting me for her!"

The widow was, however, baulked in her intent.

That day news came that war was declared against Afghanistan. Colonel Spenser seized the opportunity to leave Grayharmon.

"At such a time," he said, "every soldier should be at his post."

"Never mind," thought Mrs. Alleynson, "I can write."

* * * * * *

"Upon my word, Colonel, you're a good fellow to give up your furlough and come back, for we shall have some hot work, I promise you."

"The more reason, Carstone, that I should be here," replied Gaston Spenser. "A true soldier thinks only of his duty to his country. Her honor stands first with him."

"That's all very well; but there are plenty of fellows, I can tell you, who at this moment would rather be in England than India."

"Is Major Everard Lyle Carstone of the number?"

"No! 'Pon my word, no!" laughed the younger soldier. "Though there are those I'd like to see much, Spenser."

"Ah! pardon me; I forgot—you are engaged."

"To the loveliest girl you ever clapped eyes on," exclaimed the Major, enthusiastically. "A blonde, of course. Fellows of your and my complexion always take to blondes"—the Colonel winced. "But in the words of the immortal Traddles, this is the dearest girl. By-the-way, did I ever show you her photo?"

"Never."

"I will, then, and see if you do not agree with me," rattled on the Major. "It's packed now, during this confounded march. And have you none, Colonel, to show in return?"

"None."

"Funny that. And yet, no. Had there been a lady in the case, no thought of your country's honor, by Jove! would have brought you from England."

"I don't know that," said Gaston Spenser, drily, thinking with a pang how a lady being in the case had been the reason of his return.

"Well, I own it wouldn't me. Heaven bless you, my dear fellow, there are a lot here to fall before these Afghans without us."

"You imagine it will be a very warm affair?"

"Warm! yes, faith! These fellows, sly, crafty deceitful, cunning, are yet brave, and can be good soldiers when they like. We shall have to keep our eyes and ears both open against surprises, and to avoid another Kyber Pass."

"We took our revenge for that, Carstone."

"We did, as we would again, but that couldn't bring back the lives of those who had been slaughtered like sheep in the shambles."

"I wonder if the living or the dead are most worthy compassion!"

"By Jove! what an idea. Why Colonel, you are so lugubrious that I could half think a lady is at the bottom of it, and she has treated you unkindly. Certainly you look far more ill than when you went away. Pray, is it a case of 'Prithee why so pale, lond lover?',

Before the Major could proceed, an orderly galloped up, saying the General wished to see him at once, and the two parted.

The English army was on route for Cabul. The Ameer had insulted England; England must, as her honor demanded, wipe out the insult, and the regiments selected for the task—

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,"

were on march for the seat of war.

Colonel Spenser had hastened back to his command, eager for action that might make him forget his hopeless, case regardless if he lost his life on the battle-field or not.

Reflection had shown him, that even had he discovered his rival's name, he could do nothing.

It would prove some peaceful civilian, no doubt; and the days were passed when one might provoke a quarrel in order to challenge, and have a chance of removing a rival by murder.

Even had this not been, had he a right to act without Maud Mercier's permission? and had she not declared that, for the promise given to a dead father, she would never grant it?

Yet, if by some interference of fate his rival could be removed, and he and Maud once more meet, with no obstacle between them!

"She would be mine; I know I possess her love," thought Gaston Spenser, with a mental cry, as in fancy he pictured clasping the lovely girl in his arms, looking down into the sweet face that no longer avoided his gaze, but encountered it with a blushing happy smile. "Oh, it is madness!" he ejaculated. "For her sake, as my own, I have done wisest by quitting her; should I fall, your future, my beautiful Maud, may be made the happier."

For days the march continued through the grand Afghan scenery—through the wild, stupendous passes, where an enemy easily might lurk—through valleys covered with vivid bloom.

"Have you heard," he asked, "that de-

spatches have just arrived from Lord Lytton to the General ?"

"Yes. I wonder what they contain ?"

"Orders," laughed the Major, "to strike quick and sharp. That's Lytton's policy; and if war must be, it's the right one. The last scouts brought in word that there are signs of the enemy in our neighborhood. If we do not attack, we must be prepared for one."

There was a pause. Then the Major continued, looking upward at the stars :

"I wonder if we all here shall look on those stars again ? How sang Campbell :

" 'Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.' "

"It's your turn for the lugubrious vein to-night, Carstone," smiled Spenser.

"Yes, I feel singularly depressed. They say Cetewayo doesn't permit his warriors to marry. I think they must fight better !"

"And do you think they do not love ?"

"True !"

Again there was a pause. Again the Major broke it :

"Spenser," he said, "I told you I was betrothed to one I love dearly ! The soldier who enters battle should be prepared for never coming from the field alive. Should I not, and you should, you will find a letter in my desk ; will you forward it to whom it is addressed ?"

"Most surely, Carstone, my dear fellow; though pray Heaven there will be no need !"

"Can I perform no like service for you, Spenser ?"

"No, thanks. I have none who need to be better informed than the *Gazette* can do !" replied the Colonel, a trifle bitterly.

"Perhaps you are the happier ! Well, I'll go and write it."

Hardly had the Major gone ten minutes than a soldier approached Gaston Spenser, and saluting, presented a letter.

"The General sends this, Colonel," he said. "It came with the despatches, and is marked 'Immediate.' "

The officer taking it, knelt by the watch-fire to read the address. It was in a woman's hand.

The postmark was Engligh.

A sudden trembling seized him. Could it be from Maud Mercier ? Could any unforeseen circumstance have removed his rival ? With shaking fingers he tore off the envelope, then he started, giving a quick, short cry.

The contents consisted but of four lines, and were :

"You love Maud Mercier, and desire to know the name of your rival to her hand—not to her love, which is yours !—it is Lyle Carstone, of Everclough, Scotland."

Lyle Carstone, of Everclough ! Why, that was he with whom he had just been speaking.

Gaston Spenser rose quickly to his feet. It was impossible—it could not be he !

Crushing the letter in his palm, he strode to the Major's tent. A light burned there, but it was empty. On a rude substitute for a table lay a newly-commenced letter.

"My own sweet, dear Love,

"Here we are, within a day's march of Cabul. The enemy is at hand, and an engagement may take place at any moment. We must——"

Here it ceased, the writer having evidently been called away.

By the page laid an album.

Spenser caught it up ! Surely, if the Major were his rival, he should find Maud Mercier's likeness in it ! Rapidly he turned the leaves.

Suddenly Gaston Spenser reeled back, heart-sick, his brain dizzy, for, gazing at him as she had in life, was the portrait of Maud Mercier !

"It is true, then ! It is he who is my rival ! And—and how he loves her ! 'My own sweet, dear love' "—quoting the letter. "And I would ask him to surrender her to me ! Would he ? Never ! Yet she must, she shall be saved ! At least he shall know he takes a wife whose heart is not his."

Restoring the album, the Colonel was quitting the tent in search of the Major, when several shots were heard, followed soon by the bugle and sharp roll of the drums. By the light of the watch-fires he saw men running here and there.

"Ah !" ejaculated Spenser, as he proceeded quickly to his own quarters, all else forgotten, "the enemy is upon us !"

It was so. The Afghans had made a night attack ; and after the first confusion, the English met them with dauntless front.

The enemy proved to be in large numbers, and for long the fight continued. Dawn had begun to break in the east, sending its pale light on the battle-field, strewn with dead and dying, when Colonel Spenser, heading a handful of men, having repulsed an attack, turned, and saw Major Carstone beset by some twenty fierce Afghans. He was single-handed, and bravely did he fight ; but he was already wounded, and it was apparent that he must soon yield to the superior force.

His death was certain. A moment Gaston Spenser paused ; his heart gave a leap of joy ; he drew his breath quickly between his teeth ; his rival dead, Maud was free ! The thought was but transient.

"Great Heaven, forgive me ?" he cried, mentally. "This is murder ! Forward, my men, to the rescue !"

The next instant he and his few followers had charged down upon the Afghans, putting them with some difficulty to flight. As they went they sent back shots of deadly aim. Colonel Spenser had just caught the Major as he fell, covered with wounds, from his horse, exclaiming :

"Spenser, I owe you my life," when he felt a sharp blow on his shoulder, and dropped—shot himself to the ground.

On Gaston Spenser's recovering consciousness his first question was respecting Major Carstone. Was he dead ?

Thanks to him, the Colonel, no ; but his wounds had been so many and severe, that he was to be invalided home.

"Home—to her—my Maud," groaned Spenser.

Cabul had fallen, when the Colonel received a letter from the Major—the postmark Bombay. The first page was full of expressions of gratitude to his preserver ; then it went on to say that intelligence had just reached him of the death of a relation, by whose demise he inherited a handsome estate.

"So, old fellow, I am bound for England instanter," wrote the officer ; "and having an estate to manage, shall of course sell out and stop soldiering. Before we meet again I shall have turned Benedict. I shall be sure to inform you of the event, and shall exact a promise from you that the first place you will bend your steps on reaching the old country will be my dear old native home Everclough."

"Never !" thought the Colonel, with a quiver of the lip. "Never could I sit at his table ; never could I see Maud, my darling, at its head—a smile, perhaps, on her mouth, but a canker at her heart. Never ! Ah, me ! her fate and mine are now sealed beyond remedy—my lost love, my dearest !"

* * * * * *

Cabul was in the hands of the English. The Ameer had fled, but victory had not been accomplished without much loss.

Among those most highly commended for their courage was Colonel Spenser. In his bravery his comrades said he had been almost reckless of life.

Almost ! he was really so ! What was life to him ! An existence without hope ; nay, worse, for the knowledge, too, would be his that the happiness of her he loved was a thing not to be.

Just before Cabul was taken a bullet had rendered the Colonel's right arm useless. The doctor pronounced that it would be months before he would be able to use it, and he, in his turn, exhausted in mind and body, was invalided home.

Gaston Spenser hesitated to accept the order. Yet why should he not ? The war was believed virtually to be over. He had courted it, but death had avoided him, letting him go almost scatheless. Finally the Colonel resolved to go to Europe, not to England. He would remain on the Continent.

He had received one other letter from Major Carstone, a light-hearted, gay epistle announcing his marriage—that he was the happiest fellow in existence.

At present they were in Paris, spending their honeymoon, but soon would be back in Scotland, when he, Gaston Spenser, must visit them. He would take no denial.

"You know you'll have a right to leave India, old fellow," wrote Lyle Carstone ; "and my wife, who is looking over my shoulder, joins her invitation to mine."

"I don't believe that—I cannot," thought the Colonel, tearing the letter to fragments, "or I was mistaken in her love."

So Colonel Spenser started for Europe, and first landed at Greece, from whence, after awhile, he moved on to Italy. Paris he intended to avoid until assured Lyle Carstone was safe again in Scotland.

The best city for a man to go to, when in Gaston Spenser's humor, is decidedly Rome. Its past magnificence, its ruins, act soothingly on the spirit, whispering how transient are all things earthly—even sorrow and joy.

The favorite resort of the Colonel's was the Colosseum.

Here, save for the occasional visits of tourists, he could reckon on the solitude he liked, as he wandered through its ruins, occupying his fancy by building up scenes of the past, when the vast circus was filled by an eager multitude, and the arena resounded with the roar of beasts, or displayed the agile strength of the venturesome gladiator.

One afternoon, just when dusk began to fall, as he sat this time forming a picture of the Empress Theodora, actress and empress, a voice fell on his ear that caused every drop of blood to flow quickly back to his heart.

Instinctively he rose to his feet, then drew back behind a broken column and mass of masonry.

The owner of the voice was approaching. In a few minutes she must come in sight for worlds Gaston Spenser would not be seen. He stood, his hand gripping the column, his lips set, his face deadly white.

No, he had not been mistaken. How could he in her voice ?

There she was—Maud, within a few feet of him—she and her husband ! And was that the sad, secretly heart-broken wife he had pictured—that happy, bright-faced girl ! There was a soft color in her cheek ; she was laughing as she talked, and how frequently she lifted her lovely face towards her companion's—Major Carstone !

"No, indeed," he heard the latter say, "it would never have done to have left Rome without seeing this ; that good, brave old fellow, Gaston Spenser, often spoke about it. By the way, I wonder if he's got any better ? I hope so. We must have him at Everclough—an honored guest."

The listener had heard no more. There was a ringing like bells in his ears. He gave one glance at the two as they walked on, then moved rapidly off in an opposite direction, to the entrance where he had left the carriage that had brought him.

Fortunately it was near, and soon he was being driven back to Rome.

"She has been wise," he murmured, half bitterly. "She has bowed to the inevitable ! She is happy, thank Heaven !" and the words were sincerely uttered.

That same evening, however, Gaston Spenser started for Como.

Here he proposed to remain a week before starting for Switzerland. He managed to procure pleasant apartments on the shores of the lake. There was a veranda in front, where he smoked and read the evening through.

On the third morning after his arrival, raising his eyes from the page he was perusing, he became interested in a tiny cockle-shell of a boat, that had shot from the shore into the lake. Its only occupant was a lady attired in light boating costume, and, who managed the oars with singular dexterity.

"A graceful figure," mused the Colonel. "Bends like a willow-wand to the oar ; but"—lifting his eyes to the hills—"she should not go far out. These breezes are at times awfully treacherous, and, as a sailor would say, there are nasty cat's-paws in the water already."

But the fair rower sent her skiff dancing over the water without fear, and the Colonel returned to his book. Half an hour had elapsed, when he was aroused by a sudden gust of wind whirling over the page. His first thought was the boat.

There it was, heading towards the land ; but it was evident the rower was either nervous or exhausted. Her oars did not dip as regularly in the troubled waters ; the light boat often came dangerously sideways. A lake-storm is not always a thing to be laughed at.

Gaston Spenser, throwing down his book, ran down to the shore. As he reached the water's edge, the boat, which was nearly fifty yards distant, swung round. The girl rose up quickly, lost her balance, and the next moment the skiff was capsized.

Hardly before her cry of distress reached him the Colonel was swimming to the rescue, forgetful quite of his wounded arm. He saw the slight figure of the girl rise once—twice ! The third time he had grasped her dress, and held her firmly.

As he did so he saw her face !

"Maud ! Great Heaven !" he exclaimed, with a cry. Her eyes opened a second.

"Ah, Gaston !" she ejaculated, and then fainted.

Turning with difficulty, for his arm was weak, he made his way to the shore. Reaching it at last, he laid the unconscious girl down, too exhausted to proceed farther. How was he to restore her ? How white, how deathlike she looked !

"Good Heavens ! she is not dead, is she !" exclaimed someone. "What, Gaston Spenser !"

The Colonel turned ; a gentleman, hatless, was hastening up behind him. It was Major Carstone.

"Yes, Gaston Spenser, thank goodness !" exclaimed the Colonel, rising up stern and cold. "It's well, Lyle Carstone, I was here, or this lady—your wife—would by this time have ceased to exist. Had she been mine——"

"My wife, my dear fellow ?" cried the Major, wondering : "this is not my wife ; this is Miss Maud Mercier, the lady you love, and who, in confidence, loves you."

"What !" gasped the Colonel, "what do you mean ?"

"Simply, that by chance my wife and I learned all about you and Miss Mercier when I wrote to India, but it seems you didn't get my letter."

"About Miss Mercier and I ?" repeated the Colonel, bewildered ; "explain—"

"Don't you think it would be kindest to get help for Miss Mercier first ? Thank Heaven, she is coming to ! There—you wait here—my villa is close by ; I'll soon be back."

Lyle Carstone, raising Maud, carried her away. Spenser remained where he was, stunned

"What does it all mean ? For Heaven's sake, explain !" he exclaimed, as the Major returned.

"All in good time, old fellow. First tell me your story."

The Colonel rapidly complied.

"What !" exclaimed the Major. "You thought me your rival ?"

"Yes, and was near letting you fall a victim to the Afghans. How could I believe otherwise after the receipt of this ?" producing the anonymous letter.

"I smell the rat !" said the Major. "Spenser, this letter is true ; but the Lyle Carstone was my cousin."

"Your cousin ?"

"Yes, an old cousin of fifty. Maud's father was under great, very great obligations to my cousin. He cancelled the debt by, on his death-bed, getting the poor girl to consent to wed her benefactor. A certain Mrs. Alleynson long had angled for my cousin with a hope of success until Maud appeared. This woman learned your and Maud's secret while at Lady Harriet's. She commenced a system of espionage ; the result was an anonymous letter to my poor cousin, accusing Maud of love for another. Lyle hastened to Grayharnon. The train he came by met with an accident. One who died from the shock was my cousin, whose heir I was, and—and—well, I think Spenser, I have explained to your satisfaction ?"

An hour later Gaston Spenser was ushered into Lyle Carstone's parlor. A lady rose to meet him. She was alone.

"Maud, my own darling !" he whispered, tremulously, drawing her to him.

He could speak no more for joy, but drew her to his breast, and their lips met in a betrothal kiss. Such was the result of Mrs. Alleynson's anonymous letter.

Scientific and Useful.

FLY WHEELS.—Small fly-wheels, cast hollow and loaded with lead, is a foreign notion that promises to become popular in this country. They afford the same power as the large wheel, cost less and take up less room.

COLLARS AND CUFFS.—When your collars and cuffs came from the laundry as hard and stiff as a board don't break your studs and cuff-buttons in trying to put them on, but just dip your fingers in water and touch it to the button-holes, and see how easy they go on.

IMPERVIOUS CORKS.—Corks are now made impervious by simply soaking them for several hours in a solution of one-half ounce glue or gelatine, or a mixture of three-fourths ounce of glycerine and one pint of water, treated to a temperature of about 50° Cent. Such corks may be made nearly proof against acids if dipped, when very dry, for ten or fifteen minutes into a melted mixture of four parts paraffine and one of vaseline.

FIRE.—Several household articles, such as glass fish-globes, paper weights made of pyramids of glass balls and the lenses of the stereoscopes have been found to act as a burning-glass in the sun, and to have set fire to light materials, such as cloth and paper, thereby causing danger to life and property. Brightly-tinned or nickle-wash dishes have also been known to focus the sun's rays by reflection, and tend to bring about similar consequences.

HARD WOODS.—Manufacturers of wood mosaic say that they have found by experiments that hard maple on end is five to five times as durable as ma[illegible]d equally as durable as the hardest baked tile. It is reported that two end-wood floors were laid in the elevator of a public building in Chicago about fifteen months ago, and that the floors are in as good condition as when first laid, although each elevator carries from 1000 to 2000 persons daily.

PAPERS.—Light papers make a dark, dingy room much more cheerful ; large figures make a small room look much smaller and occasions much waste in matching the figures. All low rooms should be papered with striped paper, having the stripes running up and down, as it makes the room seem much higher. Subdued tints take off the glare of too many windows. The best effect is produced by having a paper with pattern and colors of a quiet tone, such as does not at once strike the eye on coming into the room. The paper should relieve and set out the furniture that stands in front of it, not attract attention from it.

Farm and Garden.

RATS.—Rats have a great aversion to the odor of chloride of lime, and when mixed with water and poured into the holes through which the rats pass, they usually vacate their haunts. This mixture is harmless, does not kill the rats, but drives them away.

SALT.—Salt is being freely used by certain New York nurserymen in their pear nurseries, for the purpose of counteracting blight. Iron filings and copperas in solution have been used for the same purpose. If these remedies do not prevent the disease, they at least correct a disposition to blight.

OF CAPACITY.—The capacity of a stomach of a horse is said to be three gallons and that of the ox five gallons. Consequently the horse having a small stomach, must be fed frequently, while the ox can take up a large meal at a time and ruminate it at leisure. The stomach of the sheep is proportionate to that of the ox, and it should be fed in a similar manner.

POULTRY.—Hens like a variety of food, besides all kinds of grain, raw or boiled (better boiled), and mashed boiled potatoes. They are fond of chopped cabbage and onions, once or twice a week ; and when they cannot get grass, they will eat quite freely of finely-cut hay. They are not fond of burnt bones, because the fat and marrow are burnt out ; but raw bones, chopped into fine pieces, they will devour greedily.

MANURES.—Compost is the best garden manure. It is too late now to discuss manures for the garden, but not too soon to get ready for next year. One of the best manures for the garden is made by mixing two bushels of fine bone with a wagon load of stable manure. The bones make the manure heat more quickly, and the manure softens or dissolves the particles of bones. Water with which sulphuric acid has been mixed is poured on the heap, it will prevent loss of ammonia. Most stable manures are deficient in phosphates, which the bone supplies.

FOR WORKING HORSES.—During the busy season the horses at work are taken out early in the morning and kept strictly at work until late in the evening, with the exception of an hour or so for rest at noon. They are perhaps, well fed, getting plenty of grain and hay. But the horse should have plenty of grass also, and limiting him to the pasture on Sunday only is not sufficient. After being confined on dry hay during the winter, it is rather a hard lot to be deprived of nature's food during the season when his blood is heated and his system overflowing with the accumulations of impurities. Grass is necessary as a regulator of the bowels, as a purifier of the blood.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 15, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously ineffaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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Look Before You Leap.

There is a class of proverbs and trite sayings which, irreproachable in their orthodox propriety, are in application absolutely dyspeptic; a sort of easy rules for "the art of making people uncomfortable," out of which the "fat and greasy citizens" of the melancholy Jacques, might have gathered appropriate reflections for the benefit of their "poor and broken bankrupt" comrade; and "look before you leap" is one of them. In nine cases out of ten if we follow the advice of the proverb, and "look before we leap," we shall never leap at all, regardless whether the feat be advisable or not. Queen Bess must, one would say, have had this fact present to her mind when she wrote the reply to Raleigh's famous line. The atmosphere immediately surrounding the obstacle or chasm is wonderfully magnifying; the twig becomes a branch, the sapling brook a foaming torrent, the half dozen bramble-thorns a perfectly unsurmountable difficulty. "You won't find it look any prettier by looking at it, your honor," was the shrewd, if rather sarcastic, advice of the old jockey to the over-cautious rider at a hurdle; and, really, the theory is applicable to other arenas than the race course. If our proverb be exalted into an unassailable truth, there are other axioms which perforce are transformed into paradoxes, if not glaring errors. Like some perplexed student of the applied sciences, who finds the "general rule" formulated with impressive exactitude on one page of his text-book contradicted on the next by "empirical laws" and unending exceptions, so we, with the cautious minor of our proverb sounding in our ears, find ourselves repeating with bewilderment such "household words" as, "Who hesitates is lost;" "Fortune favors the brave;" "Do what you should, let come what will." And, like the perplexed student of our illustration, we take comfort and heart of grace in the conviction that whatever may be the correctness of the theory, the exceptions and contradictions are often practically the safer guides. A sad gap would be made in the golden roll of heroic actions had the factors of those deeds of daring made this cautious doctrine their principle of action; a very sensible decrease in the ranks of successful men in all spheres would be considerably reduced. The failures, metaphorical and real, which too often accompany an unsuccessful leap, are, as frequently as not, the result of this very looking, with its inevitable lingering; and the rueful work of "picking up the pieces"—the broken fragments of praiseworthy ambition, injured fortunes, disappointed hopes—giving us time to lay this to heart. Doubtless, if there be plenty of time before the venture has to be made, it is the truest wisdom to weigh the method. Perchance we may find that no leap is necessary—that some by-way, at first sight circuitous or divergent, may lead us straighter and sooner to the wished-for goal; but if we find the leap, after all, will be the best, we may depend on it, the more we look at it the less we shall like it. If we avoid a catastrophe, we shall probably be too late, and cost and trouble, which otherwise would have been avoided, will be entailed by the delay. Of doubtful comfort shall we find then the kindred saying which assures us—every day's experience to the contrary notwithstanding—that we are better late than never. The scene would be devoid of humor—assuredly it would be replete with pathos—which should depict the great array of sorrowing "failures" who trace their "easy descent" to an untimely prevision. In close juxtaposition to them in the same Dantesque circle would be those waiters upon fortune who, neglecting the proffered favors of the goddess, have delayed still for some more overt, more brilliant, offer. These, like the mountain dweller of the fable, have tarried by the side of the stream, waiting for the rushing water to exhaust itself, till at last the stepping-stones by which the transit would have been so easy are washed away. To both comes the echo of the solemn warning, that "he that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." We can imagine a place for penitence being found for these dejected ones, on the condition that henceforth they modify the literalness of their pet axioms, and, for the benefit of us others who are still susceptible to the charm of pointed epigram, however misleading, that they set forth authoritatively the form of gloss which, to make it a trustworthy guide, must, for the future, be read into "Look before you leap."

Learning and Life.

Learning and life, that which is known in the world, and that which is to be done in the world, stand over against each other, and the perpetual problem is how they shall be brought together. Like two strong men who gaze into each other's eyes, and know that they ought to be standing hand in hand; like two great promontories which stand and watch each other, and feel the sea which rushes between, and yet feel under the sea the sweep of the continuous earth which makes them one—so learning and life—that which is known upon the earth and that which is to be done upon the earth—stand gazing at each other, and knowing that, however they may be separated and kept apart, they belong to each other. In reality, the great end of life is learning for the soul and the world of proper action. It is not upon wealth or material resources, nor upon bodily health, or freedom, or knowledge, much less upon any narrower and less comprehensive object of desire, that we must fix our minds as being the corner-stone of happiness. Valuable as they are, they are but instruments; and the hand that is to wield them is character. We must have no smaller end in view than human excellence. Then the various advantages that we now crave for themselves we shall prize for their power to contribute to this great end; and, while our efforts to acquire them may not be lessened, our power to use them in the interests of a higher purpose will be greatly enhanced. But this idea of learning is not confined to books alone; it also comprehends every branch of practical wisdom. Without this practical wisdom stores of knowlege may be wasted. This power, too like every other, may be cultivated. It strengthens by exercise, it withers by disease. Those who are naturally deficient in it may improve by carefully directing their thoughts to definite ends to be gained, by calling up to frequent remembrance their past mistakes, follies and faults, with their subsequent ill-effects, and by reviewing with equal care the reverse and brighter side of their experience. It is in this way the discipline of daily life comes to be our most valuable friend; it is in this way we may learn to make the past a safe guide and an inspiring influence to the future. And in all the prospect of learning and life we should always bear in mind the notion of fitness of learning to ourselves. By neglect of this the materials of a good farmer are often spoiled in making a petty and insignificant lawyer; a skilful mechanic is lost to the world in making a weak and vapid preacher; an enterprising and successful tradesman is sacrificed for the sake of producing an inferior and useless politician. Sometimes it is the youth himself, against the advice of wise parents and experienced friends, who spoils his life in some futile endeavor. Seeing that every place is open to him, he thinks he can enter into any one that it suits his pleasure to select. The question of his having learned a suitable fitness does not occur to him, or, if it does, his self-esteem answers it satisfactorily to himself. He does not hesitate to assume responsibilities and undertake duties from which those far abler and wiser than himself would shrink. Other things that he could have done well and honorably he neglects. Forced into an unequal contest with men of superior power, he gradually sinks out of sight and out of mind, and he is fortunate if he be not also out of pocket and out of character. He has not learned the right lesson of life.

MEMORY is found in all healthy states of the brain, and consists of a revival in the mind of a past condition of act; it isn't enough that the original impression be renewed on the brain and comprehended; it must be registered, so as to produce a permanent modification of brain-structure or action; otherwise it passes from the mind, and can only be vaguely recalled. A good memory depends on various considerations; one is healthy brain-structure, another is nutrition, and a third is training and culture. The young remember more easily than the old. Their brains are active, and there is an enormous amount of new, healthy blood coursing through them at a rapid rate, and nutrition is active. Fatigue is fatal to good memory—it is then that nutrition languishes; but rest restores a healthful condition, and then the power of memory comes back again. As old age comes on, nutrition is less perfect, and the cells of the brain in which memory takes place become filled up with debris of decay, become yellow, and actually lose their organized structure, and are no longer capable of action.

SELF-HELP, be it ever so wisely and thoroughly carried out, can never abrogate the duty and privilege of friendly and benevolent assistance. It will not even limit the necessity of it; for human nature is essentially dependent as well as independent, and life furnishes abundant opportunities for the exercise of all generous impulses without injury, provided the rightful conditions are obeyed. In infancy our dependence upon others is complete; as we advance in life, it gradually declines; in healthful maturity it reaches its lowest point. Yet even here it by no means vanishes. We are still dependent upon one another for happiness in a thousand ways, and continually need the helping hand as well as the sympathizing heart.

IT is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame, about what the world says of us; to be always looking into the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the effect of our own voices. If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety for fame, and the last we shall ever hear of them will be the funeral-bell that tolls them to their early graves.

The World's Happenings.

In London the clergymen pray for the editors.

Twenty-nine murderers are awaiting trial at Fort Smith, Ark.

An Austrian artillery lieutenant committed suicide lately by shooting himself with a large cannon.

Cremation in Paris will soon be available for the general public at the small cost of $2.40 for each operation.

The average enameled watch hanging at the waist-belt of the average girl contains a powder-puff—nothing else.

Opera-glasses, next to superfluous clothing, are the articles soonest pledged by young men who are hard up.

Profane swearing has become unfashionable in England. Even the mildest expletives are accounted in bad taste.

"Artificial dimples are all the rage in Chicago." We had thought that natural cheek was Chicago's strong point.

A Milwaukee father has ordered a bedstead 36 feet wide, with nine compartments, one for each of his nine children.

In Plymouth, Mass., an old sexton of the antique school has just died, having dug the graves of 3,200 people during his life.

A pig that's a great terror to rats, and has rid the neighborhood in which it lives of them, is boasted of by a Pittsburg man.

Spitting on the floor of the Norfolk, Va., Court House costs the offender a quarter, the money going into the general treasury.

Zuckertort, the famous chess player, recently played forty games in Berlin, simultaneously and blindfolded, and won them all.

It is customary in Norwegian cemeteries to place a chair near newly-made graves, decorating it with the flowers, if any, that covered the coffin of the deceased.

A lady at Nantucket, who has been ordered by her doctor to take plenty of out-door exercise, drives a stage, and so makes money at the same time she undergoes treatment.

The pug so closely resembles the edible Chinese dog, that the Celestial residents of the large cities have taken to stealing the canine pets of fashionable belles to cook and eat them.

"This is my wife—these ladies are her companions," is the form of introduction employed by Mormons, who thus baffle the people desirous of obtaining evidence as to their marital relations.

At Red Bank, N. J., there are two rival telegraph offices, and the operator in one is monopolizing business by offering a glass of ice cold soda with syrup to every customer that sends a dispatch.

The Shapira manuscripts, which only a couple of years ago created such a sensation in the theological world, and were held at a valuation of $5,000,000, were sold in London the other day for 80 cents.

Minnie Daley, of Chicago, has been sent to the penitentiary for one year. She is only 22 years of age, but has in her brief career robbed and swindled more than two hundred men, always escaping punishment.

At De Buck's ranch, Trinidad, Col., during a thunder storm, a herd of eighteen horses were driven against a barbed-wire fence by the violence of the wind. The wire conducted a stroke of lightning through the herd and thirteen fell dead.

Evarrice Manceau, of Lavenir, Quebec, has a son six years of age who weighs 106 pounds, stands four feet in height, measures around the waist thirty-seven inches, around the arm eleven inches, and around the calf of the leg fourteen inches.

"Doll babies" and "Fourth of July" were the only words that Eliza McCarthy, who died the other day, was ever heard to utter during her thirty years of confinement in the insane department of the Baltimore Almshouse. No friends ever visited her.

A Richmond, Me., paper chronicles as an almost incredible occurrence, the fact that a Richmond undertaker, "whose love of humanity is stronger than his business instincts," jumped into the river and saved a boy from drowning the other day.

A happy couple, whose united ages amounted to 160 years, were married in East Greenwich, N. Y., the other day. They had been engaged away back in the twenties, but quarreled, married other partners, reared families, and at last

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A paper piano has been manufactured at Paris. The material for the case was compressed and took a perfect polish, and the tone of the instrument, though not loud, was very sweet—a soft, full, quasi-continuous sound, resembling somewhat that of the organ.

A party of lads, just getting into their teens, whose brains had been inflamed by sensational reading, were arrested in Duxbury, Mass., a few days ago, for committing a series of house robberies. They had built a cave, as they called it, in a graveyard, and there hid the plunder.

A resident of Bath, N. Y., armed himself with a hoe-handle and entered an old granary to have some fun with the rats which infested it. The rats were not averse to fun, either, and if the doctors succeed in curing their patient in six weeks of the seventy-nine bites he received, they will be satisfied.

A tall and dashing blonde, elegantly arrayed in silk and velvet, undertook to cowhide a young San Franciscan, evidently of a practical and unchivalric turn of mind, for, on discovering the identity of his assailant, he "slugged" her on the tip of the nose with great precision and knocked her senseless.

Mr. Gladstone is the owner of probably the longest pencil ever made. A manufacturer at Keswick has sent to him a walking-stick, thirty-six inches long, made of cedar, and forming a large pencil, with a Borrowdale lead nearly half an inch square running through it. It has a solid silver band, which bears an inscription in verse.

THEN AND NOW.

MARY J. MURCHIE.

The sky was blue,
Our hearts were true,
Bright shone the sun that summer morn;
The birds sang sweet,
And at our feet
Lay waving fields of yellow corn.

With love and faith
As strong as death,
Without a tear we turned away;
'Tis now we weep,
At one fell sweep
Our sun is hid, our sky is gray.

For pride is strong
When hearts are young;
And bitter words that once are spoken,
Return again
With maddening pain;
And faith and vows and hearts are broken.

A Guiltless Sinner.

BY E. M. DAVY

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

AT last! Could he believe that he had bought her love at last? Heaven knew he had paid dearly enough to win it. But morbid doubts we haunting him. The echo of Leila's own words still sounded in his ears, "Money can buy all things excepting one, and that is love." No matter, that look of hers for the moment was irresistible: he took from his pocket, with a half sad smile, the little book in question.

"Yes, that is the talisman," she said, kissing the hand that held it, "and here are pen and ink. Now let me see you write those magic figures that are to make poor mamma smile again. There must be four—but what shall be the first? I am afraid '1' will scarcely be enough. Perhaps '2'; but——"

Arthur hesitated as his pen touched the paper. He made the figure '3' in conformity with what he believed to be her wish. With a happy laugh she held her hand out for the cheque.

"No, my darling. I wish to be the bearer of this myself. Is your mother in the drawing-room? Then I will go alone to her."

Mrs. de Winton remained to dine after the interview. No trace of trouble was visible on her countenance; on the contrary, she looked radiant.

An understanding had been come to between Arthur and his mother-in-law, which, at least, afforded considerable satisfaction to the latter. During dinner, with just a sufficient show of emotion, she announced her intention of leaving her dear children in a few days' time to resume once more her roving life in foreign lands.

In fact, she had accepted Arthur's offer of settling her affairs—in consideration that she should in future reside abroad—with the same gracious equanimity with which she had accepted his cheque for £3,000.

"I am glad to have been able to help you now, for Leila says," Arthur had remarked, gravely. "Another time——"

"There shall not be 'another time,'" she answered, with a bow and smile, which told him that the subject was dismissed.

Soon, a still greater change was observable in Arthur Lee. He looked ill and harassed, both in mind and body.

"Too many dinner parties; too much port wine," said the doctor whom Leila insisted on consulting; and he prescribed plainer diet and earlier hours. But when he drove off in his brougham, he shook his head.

"Don't like the man's look," he muttered to himself, "something worse than port wine and dinner parties is at the bottom of it."

But not being a friend of either husband or wife, he went his way, and straightway forgot the case of Mr. Lee.

Arthur Lee had not many friends. True, since his marriage—now nearly a year ago—he had entertained largely both in town and country, but could he reckon half-a-dozen, out of all the hundreds who visited him, as friends?

No, he knew it, and the knowledge saddened him. He was tired to death of the shallow, empty life he was leading.

Leila was all the world to him. He had squandered his fortune wildly, recklessly, because he counted it as nothing in comparison with her love; but—had he won it even yet? In the failure of the District Bank he had lost nearly half what his father left him.

The sum total of the Christmas bills appalled him. Then there was Mrs. de Winton's debts. Ignorant as a child of the extravagance of such women—even of what they would call their bare necessities—he was, however, stricken at the amount he had pledged himself to pay. These matters all unhinged him.

One morning—it was early in March, and about a month after the departure of Mrs. de Winton—he seemed more than usually gloomy and reserved.

In vain Leila, with light cheerful talk, strove to rouse him from his apathy. When he was leaving for his office, she ran to him in the hall, with the white bird on her shoulder.

"Love me, Too-too! Kiss me, Too-too!" she sang the old refrain—so long forgotten now—and her voice trembled, her pretty lips twitched, when, with scarce a kiss in answer to her appeal, her husband turned away, sighing.

"A child, pleased with a pretty toy!" he thought.

On entering his office, the first thing he did was to unlock his desk and open it.

As he did so his eyes fell on a letter lying near. When he had read it, the hot blood mounted to his face and receded, leaving him more pallid than before.

This letter was nothing more or less than a formal, summary request that, as soon as convenient, he should send in a statement of the Duke of Wearshire's affairs to the duke's lawyer, Mr. Hall.

Now the duke had been on the Continent since November; and a few, very few, communications had passed between him and his agent during that time. This intimation fell as a thunder-stroke on Arthur; for some moments he was unable to realize it.

Calling to one of the clerks who sat in the outer office on no account to admit anyone until his return, he hastened out to see the lawyer. That gentleman was cold in manner, reticent, distantly polite; and Arthur said, with intense bitterness:

"If I thought there was an agent ready to take my place, I would ask you to give the affairs into his hands at once."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Hall, "there is no need for such precipitancy on your part. You observed the wording of the letter?"

"It is in accordance with that, that I desire to act. My accounts are ready at any moment to undergo the strictest scrutiny. My books shall be sent here. A large sum of money is lying at my office in notes and gold, received yesterday from the C. estate, too late to bank that day. Within an hour I will place that money in your hands, together with my formal acceptance of this—dismissal."

"But, my dear Mr. Lee——"

"There is nothing more to be said."

"Excuse me, Mr. Lee, there is. In the event of your desiring an explanation, I was empowered to give you one. On my own responsibility I will give it, although it has not been asked, assuring you at the same time that it is with the greatest pain the Duke has taken this course. Rumors that you were living—let us say—rather extravagantly, reached his Grace some time since; these rumors alone would have been deemed reasons sufficient for most landowners to place the conduct of their affairs in other hands. For your father's sake the Duke hesitated so to act. However, a circumstance came to his knowledge which decided him. The circumstance was this. He is staying at Nice.

"Three nights ago he went to Monte Carlo, and there, seated at the gaming-table he recognized Mrs. de Winton. On inquiry he learned that she had been a well-known habituee of the rooms for years——I see I surprise and shock you, Mr. Lee, but the Duke thought it well that you should learn the result of his investigations.

"Mrs. de Winton was simply the daughter of a croupier in Paris; but she managed to captivate and beguile a certain General de Winton into making her his wife. The General had an only child, a daughter by a previous marriage. Too young to remember her own mother, she was taught to regard Mrs. de Winton in that light. On her husband's death, which occurred within a year of his marriage, Mrs. de Winton resumed in a manner her old life, first, however, placing the child, whom she looked on as an incumbrance, in a convent near Paris. Many years passed, during which she scarcely ever saw her step-daughter; but, when Miss de Winton was seventeen years old, she presented herself at the convent for the purpose of removing the young boarder. The Mother-Superior of course believed she was relinquishing her pupil into her mother's care. Mrs. de Winton brought her step-daughter to England, and to this town. That is all I have to tell you."

"Thank you," replied Arthur. "I will bring the money."

In the meantime this is what took place in Mr. Lee's office.

Scarcely had he left it when Leila ran lightly up the stairs, entered the room where a clerk was sitting writing, and with a smiling "Good morning" walked toward the private door.

"Mr. Lee is out, ma'am," said he, rising as she passed; "he gave particular orders no one was to be admitted in his absence."

"He could not mean that I might not go in and wait for him?"

"Those were the orders, ma'am, and I believe he locked the door."

"Why so he has!" said Leila, trying the handle. "But see, the key is in the lock! I shall go in and wait for Mr. Lee's return."

Half an hour later Leila came out again. She looked flushed—excited. In her hand was an envelope, the flap of which she was pressing down to make it adhere firmly.

"I can't wait!" she exclaimed, breathlessly, as she glanced at her watch.

"Will you leave a message, ma'am?"

"Yes. Tell Mr. Lee—no, you need not say anything at all. I will explain." So saying, she departed.

The clerk relocked the private door; then resumed his occupation. In a few minutes Mr. Lee passed through, without speaking, to his private office.

Presently he opened the door, and called out: "Charles, who has been here?"

"No one, sir. At least——"

"My orders were that you were not to admit anyone. Who has been here?"

"It was only Mrs. Lee, sir; and indeed I didn't think any harm. She said you could not mean to keep her out——"

Arthur clutched the door handle convulsively.

"It is only a few minutes since she went away, sir. She said she couldn't wait longer. She went off quite in a hurry. She had a letter or what looked like one in her hand, and was sticking down the envelope as she went."

"What did she say?" inquired Mr. Lee, hoarsely.

"Nothing, sir. Only that she couldn't wait. I asked if she'd leave a message, but she said no. Can I get you anything, sir?" he asked, with a wistful look at his master's face, which wore an expression of agony that frightened him.

Arthur stared at him blankly for some seconds, then said slowly, and in a voice hardly recognizable as his:

"You can go out for an hour. Yes, yes, I am not angry with you. Go. When you return——"

He did not finish the sentence, but stood watching the young man in a half-dazed way pick up his hat; nor did he move until the sound of his retreating footsteps died away upon the stairs.

Then Arthur drew a long breath. "An hour," he whispered. "In an hour I was to deliver up the money!"

He listlessly sat down at his desk. Before him was a slip of paper on which was written the sum of money in notes and gold that he had left there.

Could he by any chance have been mistaken? The gold he knew was right; but the notes? Oh, if he had miscounted them! No. Three one hundred pound notes were missing. They were there when he went out; but now were gone.

He flung his arms upon the table, and laying his face upon them groaned aloud. Presently raising his head he looked at the time-piece on the wall. The minutes were flying fast. In an hour's time——

He unlocked a drawer in the writing-table and took from it a small pistol which had lain there for years. He remembered his father telling him it had been loaded many years ago, in the time of the Chartist riots.

He examined it carefully, critically, though his hand shook somewhat as he held it. He raised it, and pressed the muzzle against his brow.

How cold it felt. He withdrew it again and looked around him.

Once more he lifted the little weapon resolutely, standing up; his finger was on the trigger.

At this moment the door opened noiselessly, and Leila entered.

She saw the situation at a glance. Never in all his life would Arthur forget the expression on her lovely face. She neither uttered word nor sign, but gliding across the room to her husband, she took unresisted, from his hand the deadly weapon.

Quite quietly she laid it on the table among the scattered papers there, then drew a chair towards him, and with gentle force made him lean back in it.

She could not speak. The silence was too awful to be broken by words. Dropping upon the floor she took her husband's hands in hers, pressing them against her heart, her eyes.

He heard the panting breath, the buried beating of her heart; he was as one stricken blind and dumb. But he could feel, and felt as though he were in the presence of an angel.

"Arthur. Hear my confession," whispered the soft pleading voice of Leila presently. "On my knees let me tell you what a sin I had nearly committed. This morning a letter came to me from my mother. I did not read it till after you were gone. She was in great trouble for want of money, and implored me if I loved her to let her have two or three hundred pounds.

"I was to make a memorandum of the numbers of the notes, register the letter, and send it off at once; but on no account to tell you that I wanted the money for her. I came to the office to ask you for it, meaning however to tell you all about it.

You were out. I waited till nearly time to post my letter for the midday post, and you never came. Your desk was open——that was why, perhaps, you had ordered that no one should be admitted—there were bags of money and bank notes in it.

"At last, thinking only of my mother's need, and believing that had I asked you, you would have given me twice the sum, I took three notes and put them in an envelope. But before reaching the post office some instinct told me I was doing wrong. Even to help mamma I ought not to take money that was yours without your knowledge. So I came now to bring it back. Thank God! Oh, thank God I came!"

With a sob she took the envelope from her pocket, and tearing it open laid the notes beside the others on the desk. "Can I be forgiven, Arthur?"

"Forgiven? Leila, you are an angel! You have saved me."

Whereon she flung her arms about his neck. "How I love you, Arthur? If it had not been for my mother——"

"She is not your mother." Then her husband told her all.

"I am glad she is not my mother," was all she said.

"And Leila, will it make you unhappy to live differently?" he asked. "To have only one house, fewer servants, no money to spend on jewelry and expensive pleasures? In fact to take care of what we have left instead of spending it lavishly."

"Unhappy?" she echoed, "nay, Arthur! If you tell me you are poor—poor even as the poorest beggar to whom we have sometimes given alms, I shall be glad, glad! Aye, a thousand times happier than I have been with all our wealth, because then, at least you will believe that I love you—love you, and want nothing but your dear love for mine."

At last he was convinced. To his life's end now, he said he would believe she loved him!

* * * * *

But they were not reduced to poverty by any means. True, the half of his fortune was gone; but the duke, hearing through Mr. Hall how matters stood, refused to accept Arthur's resignation of the agency, and wrote to him in the kindest manner, requesting him to continue the management of his affairs.

The following letter from Mrs. de Winton in reply to one from Arthur Lee, must be given here. It is the sequel to my tale:

"NICE, March, 1880.

"DEAR SIR,—Your letter was superfluous. I had no intention of troubling you further. All that remains is to furnish you with the key to those actions on my part which you so severely condemn. I told you I met your father many years ago at Buxton. It is now time you knew the rest. I had reason to believe Mr. Lee admired me, and that he would marry me. I was in pecuniary difficulties at the time, and unable to pay the expenses of my visit. Presuming on your father's apparent regard for me, I, in this unpleasant dilemma, asked him to assist me. Not only did he refuse to do so, but he heaped on me such contumely, I fled from the hotel. Do you remember my words to you at our first interview? 'I never forget a kindness, and never forgive an injury.' You thought it was the former I remembered in connection with your father; but you were mistaken, as I intended you should be. On hearing of Mr. Lee's death, I sought you out, and found it easy enough to make you the instrument of my revenge, and through you I have enjoyed the inexpressible delight of spending a fair portion of that hoarded wealth which had been so cruelly and insultingly denied me in my need. Farewell. My love to dearest Leila. You have her; are you a loser after all? It seems to me at last we may cry 'quits.'

"GERALDINE DE WINTON."

When Arthur Lee read this he was alone in his office, and the paper fluttered from his hand, while his memory flew back to the dull November afternoon when Mrs. de Winton broke in upon his solitude, changing the whole after-current of his life. He imagined the air once more redolent with that faint fragrance which exhaled from her sable-trimmed velvet draperies as they swept across the floor. He recalled the feeling of repugnance, the natural instinct of aversion, which he had in vain striven to combat throughout his acquaintance with this woman, and he forgave her—forgave her from the bottom of his heart—for his gain was indeed greater than his loss.

Her Life's Romance.

BY S. W.

IT was a lovely evening in the early summer, when Baby Egerton and her visitor, Lizzie Faucit, sauntered away from the lawn at Rosoland Villa, for a twilight walk through the pleasant grounds.

Baby was a bold, sprightly, impulsive, golden-haired girl of seventeen; the other was older, and a brunette.

"You have just remarked my voice as being unusually sad in tone this evening," said Lizzie, breaking the silence, "and I will tell you why.

"Just eight years to-day began my life's romance, every little incident of which is still as fresh in my memory as yesterday. You think this a very long while ago, and that anything occurring when I was but fifteen ought to be consigned to the dull region of forgetfulness? I wish I could so dispose of it!

"My father's home was in a remote country village, far, it seemed, from the great world of England, and where a sort of primitive existence was led by the simple, kindly rustics, who tenanted my father's property. Our means were modest, but we lived in happy seclusion and comfort, and were respected and beloved by the peasantry and villagers. I was an only child, and in infancy had lost my dear mother.

"One evening in May the young girls of the village, and most of the elder ones too, assembled, as girls used to assemble, for simple amusement, at one end of the village, while the youths were off at another, occupied with some of their boisterous games.

"Two or three of the prettiest, and, I suppose, most conceited, amongst us, were standing apart from the others, and inquiring of one another who a certain young gentleman could be whom more than one had lately observed strolling through the fields in our neighborhood. He was a stranger to us all, for no one knew whence he came, whither he was in the habit of going, or to what family or part of the country he belonged.

"We could merely guess, and had come to the conclusion that as the scenery round our village was picturesque to a degree, he was an artist from one of the great cities; but, of course, we were all anxious to learn something definite. That he was handsome we took for granted; and reading old romances had prepared most of us for clothing him with all manner of knightly qualities.

"We were engaged in discussing the subject when an old gossip came up and hinted to two of us that the object of our silly chat might be seen walking as usual not far off. Of course it was foolish, and perhaps not proper, but before many minutes one of my young companions and I found ourselves tripping off towards the river side, not ostensibly, but really all the same, for the purpose of seeing the mysterious youth whose presence so near us had created such a sensation.

"We threaded the grassy paths for a short time, laughing and chatting merrily, when suddenly, as we turned a sharp angle in the hedge, there, sure enough, we confronted the young gentleman, who was walking slowly in our direction, his broad hat pulled low over his brows as if he held communion with the muses, and carrying in one hand a large bouquet of wild flowers.

"He seemed startled at our appearance, but it was only for a moment, and as we came near he began moving slowly backward, and, as if unconsciously, dropping the flowers directly in my path.

"A warm and foolish young person like myself readily construed this into a delicate offering at the shrine of my beauty and charms.

"So I understood it at once, and felt flattered accordingly. This must have been evident in my looks, for as our eyes met next moment I smiled, and he in turn seemed pleased. Nor was my idea of the stranger's gallantry or my own importance lessened when, in passing us, he flung the remnant of his bouquet in a fragrant shower round my shoulders, and raising his hat with a peculiar grace, passed on his way, and we on ours.

"Oh, how delightful it must have been!" exclaimed Baby, enthusiastically. "I hope he didn't turn out a villain, for I begin to love him already."

"I thought you would say he was rude," continued Lizzie, "for the merest relaxation of rigid good-manners is a crime in or near the city, though with us in the country there is a good-humored margin."

"I hate the good breeding that is hurt by a pin's point," said Baby, with some energy.

And Lizzie went on.

"I was so struck with the simple incident, that the young man had scarcely disappeared round the corner of the hedge before I thought of picking up one of the blossoms from my shoulders; and when I did so, the first my fingers touched was a beautiful red rosebud that must, I thought, have come amongst the others by magic; for you know, Baby, it is rare to find them growing wild so early.

"My companion at once began good-naturedly to abuse me for appropriating the young gentleman's offering all to myself, and him for not having divided it, while I playfully raised the rosebud to my lips, and then fastened it in my hair. We soon after rejoined our companions, when all—except indeed, myself—entered with fresh zest into our suspended sport.

"At last we seated ourselves beneath a large tree to rest, when we observed the stranger coming towards us with a leisurely, graceful, strolling gait, without seeming to take any notice of us.

"So our sharp-sighted young people had it all to themselves for a time and many were the whispers and exclamations of admiration with which his approach was greeted.

"As I had as yet preserved a guilty silence, one of the girls drew attention to the fact, and in a moment all eyes were bent on my tell-tale features, now painfully aglow with some peculiar weakness, and I know not how to account for it. As the young man came nearer, of course we all diligently affected not to see him; but when he stopped opposite, and close to where we sat, this coy position was no longer tenable.

"He was occupied, plaiting a simple wreath of some sort, which he now seemed to finish, and flinging away his cigar, said, in a rich voice, such as I never heard before

"'Why, what a garland that old tree can boast of! I thought this of mine was pretty,'" as he twirled it in his fingers, "'but I see my mistake. However, such as it is, I'll make an offering of it; let me see the fairest, and I'll crown her May-Queen.'"

"They all glanced towards me, for I had had the gentle honor a few days before. His eyes followed theirs, and I could see that he recognized the rose-bud in my hair.

"'How dull I am to hesitate for a moment!'" said he; and approaching me with a smile, he bound the wreath round my brow, and while the rest, their embarrassment now over, laughed at and envied me, the stranger begged leave to stay for the enthronement.

"I was pleased and almost bewildered, and, of course, we were all too good-natured to bid him depart; I would not have done so for anything.

"It was thus we became acquainted, and soon he had obtained an entree to our village society, and to my father's drawing-room, which had never before received so handsome a visitor.

"He readily satisfied us as to his respectability, for the true gentleman is soon known from the counterfeit. I need not enter into all the details of our acquaintance during the few months of his sojourn in our neighborhood; but you should know that I grew to love him with a passionate attachment of which the memory sends a pang through my soul at this moment.

"All then was purest happiness—happiness such as I had not hitherto dreamed of, and which has since been to me the source of many an hour's unutterable misery. I had never had any experience of a lover's society with which to compare the excellence of his; but not even in the books had I ever met such a beautiful character.

"There was something fascinating in his manner that carried my very soul with it, and a something peculiarly attractive in his style of conversation, which, without being too strange, was full of a rich vein of originality of thought and expression, of those numerous little details—conversational gold-dust—which excite the curiosity, give flavor and piquancy to chat, novelty to every-day etiquette, and, in fine, make their possessor the darling of a circle and the idol of a lover.

"Such was Frank Belair.

"About six months after we became acquainted, professional engagements—for though young, he was already master of a noble profession—called him to London—far off, mysterious London.

"We exchanged vows of lasting attachment, and bore our separation with a comparatively light heart, as I had implicit confidence in his honor and fidelity.

"But at this point an important particular remains to be stated.

"At our last interview, he, with a kind of playful earnestness, assured me that however confident he might be, and was, of my love for him, he would one day put it to an excruciating test, and so satisfy himself fully that my heart was unalterably his.

"I, as playfully, set at defiance any trial he should ever have the ingenuity to devise.

"I assured him that my love for, and confidence in, him should end only when I consented to wed another, which should be never—never!

"Then we parted.

"We corresponded regularly, and, oh, such a delightful correspondent he was!

"At length, when he had been absent about two years, his letters suddenly ceased to reach me; and my heart used to sink and my cheek to blanch when I began to suppose the possibility of a change in his sentiments.

"Weeks, months—three long weary years passed thus; and though five had now elapsed since we parted, I had never once thought of any but himself—of him who, I had begun to fear, might be now finding enjoyment in the society of those who never could love him as I did.

"His death was something I dared not think possible; and as I began to grow wiser and understand more fully the uncertainty of men's minds, the cruel hardness of their hearts, the hollowness of so many lovers' vows, and the mutability of human affairs in general, I came gradually and painfully to console myself with the reflection that his faithlessness had taught me a lesson only to be learned once, and which I had now resolved to profit by."

"'I should have married to spite the wretch!'" put in Baby, indignantly.

"'You forget,'" pursued Lizzie, smiling sadly, "that by doing so I might have wrung my own heart a great deal without perhaps injuring his. Besides, I was but a girl, Baby; and, feign it as we may, we have not, as a rule, the sternness and strength of mind that men have.'"

* * * * *

The sad young narrator paused for a minute, as if to collect her wandering thoughts, and then leaning on her companion's arm, went on:—

"About this period I was one evening out walking with my father, when, a short way from the village, I was surprised to observe a strange-looking gentleman of tall and graceful figure walking leisurely in front of us a short way off.

"He was dressed in fashionable evening costume, and seemed just such a person as any girl must involuntarily take notice of and ask herself who he can be. My heart gave a great bound, for the figure struck me in resembling Frank's; and all the old infatuation rushed back again in a moment.

"Just then he turned towards us, and I saw that the face was that of a stranger. An old adage says that no one ever sees the handsomest, for that one person we think so, is invariably superseded by someone else, and I understood it now, for this stranger clearly surpassed my paragon of old.

"When father and I returned to the village the gentleman was standing at the door of the only hotel in the place, an establishment depending for its support on the custom of tourists or those fond of a season's repose.

"As I entered our gate I observed—a something which a girl seldom fails to take note of—that his eyes were upon me. Soon afterwards I was employed in a little flower garden in front of the house, when a maid-servant from the hotel came smiling towards me, and said that a gentleman who had arrived that morning had just been speaking of me. She then proceeded to relate the circumstances with a great deal of importance. He had inquired who I was, and on hearing my name had started, saying that his surmises had led him to suppose me a rather different sort of person from what I appeared to be. The girl wondered what grounds he could have for forming other than a favorable opinion of me, and had said so. He replied that he had heard me spoken of by a person of his acquaintance, and, from circumstances which he need not particularize, he had been rather agreeably surprised on beholding me. He had even received from the person referred to what he had been assured would procure him an *entree* to my father's house, but, to say the truth, he had never had the smallest intention of availing himself thereof.

"He had now, however, half changed his mind, and would, if he thought he might, venture to present himself, and claim the honor of my acquaintance by virtue of his credentials.

"I hardly felt pleased with the general tone of this communication and its evidently unfavorable allusion to some of my friends, though what unworthy association I had ever formed I was at a loss to conjecture. It flashed across my mind for an instant that his words might have some reference to my absent and faithless lover, but I could not conceive my acquaintance with him as a source of any other unhappiness than I had already suffered. I questioned the girl closely, but the stranger had said nothing further, except some jocular and indistinct allusion to an 'absurd embassy,' 'cool idea,' 'little beauty,' 'ambassador for a scamp,' as he laughingly turned to light his cigar, and then strolled out into the garden.

"A few evenings after this I was sitting in a sweet little parlor in my father's house, looking out dreamingly upon the little garden plot and thinking of the long past, when I observed the strange gentleman approach, open the wicket, and the next moment knock at the door.

"You can imagine better than I can describe the convulsive flutter of my heart and the tumult of sensation which that knock awakened. He was a man whose very look claimed respect and spoke of power, while I was a simple, weak country girl. Then the inkling I had received of his feelings towards me, together with the object of his present visit, had worked my mind into a state of nervousness which the return of my absent Frank in person could scarce have occasioned.

"He sent in his card with the servant, and waited in the passage till I should bid him enter, which I at last did with feelings of such an absurdly emotional nature, that I felt every nerve quiver.

"On entering, he paid his respects with that ease of bearing and graceful enunciation of what he had to say which one admires in those whose breeding and society are of the very best.

"I prided myself upon a pretty fair share of boarding school accomplishments, and was, of course, anxious to appear something besides the daughter of the merest rustic.

"In the course of conversation, I had the imprudence to speak on every subject on which I fancied myself tolerably well informed, together with a few odds and ends of knowledge which I supposed hardly anyone knew but myself. But my most profound observations seemed to fall on his ear as the utterances of everyday chat.

"I knew that I should run some risk of making myself ridiculous by attempting anything like pedantry—which he carefully avoided—and from that hour I made up my mind to be guarded in my conversation with strangers.

"My visitor remained for about an hour, and in the meantime produced a short introductory note in my Frank's well-known handwriting.

"It was only as he rose to leave that he did so; it seemed that he only produced the note as a proud person, to mark his disregard of all outward help, presents his credentials only after having established a footing on his own account.

"He now alluded, in an uneasy and half-unwilling manner, to his acquaintance with Frank, saying that it was to still further strengthen his *bona fide*, which I had kindly taken for granted, that he had reverted to an acquaintance which, but for certain circumstances, he should probably have soon forgotten. My curiosity was now aroused as to what might be his motives for contemning an acquaintance which I had considered such an honor, and the nature of the circumstances that had occasioned his remembering it. But he was gone, before I could ask any further questions."

* * * * *

The sun had now sunk far beyond the horizon, yet the evening was so deliciously fine that the two girls paced and repaced the smooth beaten path, unconscious of descending night.

This descent was indeed all but imperceptible, and Lizzie's story was so full of interest for both that neither thought of postponing the remainder for ever so short a period.

"Next evening," continued the fair narrator, "my new friend returned just as I was setting out for my accustomed evening walk, and he so politely and—as I thought—earnestly begged leave to accompany me, that I could not, even had I been better inclined, have refused him.

"We talked of many things, and at length I tremblingly ventured to ask what might have been the nature of his acquaintance with Frank.

"For the first time, he appeared somewhat disconcerted, and hesitatingly replied that he was sorry I had put the question, for it was one he feared he should find difficult to answer so as to please me, and, at the same time, he added, smiling, so as to please himself, a person for whose feelings he professed some regard. What could he mean?

"'I must confess,' said he, 'that you have reminded me of a duty, the performance of which I would gladly shun; a commission, the discharge of which I would willingly delay, if not indefinitely postpone. I do avow that I am not one of those exemplary and devoted beings who will sacrifice the dearest pleasure, dash from his own lips the sweetest cup, bright hope, to serve, mayhap, an unworthy caitiff, from whom he may have been weak enough, complaisant enough, probably mean enough to receive a commission or give promise of a service!'

"'Sir,' I exclaimed, 'for mercy's sake speak plainly, and tell me that worst! I am now prepared to hear anything!'"

"'You are prepared to hear it?'" he repeated, thoughtfully.

"'Yes,' said I, 'but let me tell you that if it be aught to the dishonor of my absent Francis I cannot, and will not, believe it!'

He has treated me cruelly, but in his honor I have a confidence equalled only by my own fidelity!"

He looked at me with a strange sort of admiration as I spoke; and then, in that calm, well-bred tone, which makes us ashamed of our excitedness, he replied that he had half-expected this from me, and that out of respect for himself he must withhold a statement which was likely to be received with such prejudice.

"He left me hurriedly when he said this, and I did not see him again for three days, during which time I endured unspeakable torments, believing my old lover to be all that this man hinted that he was.

"Baby, I must finish my story quickly, for I am ashamed to give you futher details.

"That man wooed and won me as Frank had done. One evening he asked me to be his wife.

"My lips quivered, and I feared to trust them but when I did, it was to answer, 'Yes.'"

At this point in her narrative Lizzie's agitation seemed a reproduction of that which she described, and she became nervous almost to faintness.

But by an effort, she collected a wonderful energy; and as if the approaching denouement lent vitality to her wasted strength, she went on:—

"At sound of that word, his strong, manly frame trembled like a shaken reed, his hand grew damp, and mine slipped from his fingers.

"He leant against the tree, and his voice trembled almost piteously as he murmured, 'All is lost! The test has proved too potent, for now, alas! she's tired, and found wanting!'

"Oh, Baby, the agony of that moment! All at once the terrible reality presented itself that my new lover was but the old one in the disguise which time and a foreign climate had wrought in his appearance. All at once I perceived that he had taken advantage of this fact to put my fidelity to the test, as years before he had playfully threatened. As this conviction and all of its consequences flashed across my mind, I sank down upon the earth insensible.

"When I recovered, he was kneeling over me with a sad, yearning look of tenderness and compassion. I rallied in an instant, and the next was on my knees appealing for his pardon.

"He raised me with a look of sorrowing despair, and in bitter scorn exclaimed, 'You! is it you, noble one, kneel to the adventurer, the renegade, the faithless lover, all which you were willing, anxious, to believe me, on the word of a stranger and an avowed rival? I warned you that one day I should put your fidelity to the test—not that I then doubted it, but fondly hoping that your triumph should be but the guerdon of a life of blissful reward. Yet now you ask me to pardon you! You ask me to remember that love which you have so readily forgotten! You ask me again to trust you, again to stake my life's happiness on the faith of a heartless jilt!

"Oh, Baby, I remember it all, every syllable! I knelt and prayed him to be generous, to be merciful. I told him how cruel had been his treatment of me; I begged him to impose any terms whereby I could make reparation for my fault; I tried to smile, and hoped that surely he did not mean to leave me again. You may, if you can, imagine, Baby, how my heart was wrung with unutterable misery when to this appeal he replied with a sneer of scornful mockery, and said that even were my compunction unfeigned, it would be a poor atonement for a crime which the sacrifice of half the women in the universe could not, by him, be accounted a due reparation.

"He turned despairingly and indignantly away, adding, with bitter vehemence, 'My life now is a destined blank; I go, never more to think of you, or of another to fill the void in my soul which your baseness has created! I go to scorn all womankind as I now scorn you, and to scatter your crime in a merited contempt over all your worthless sex!'

"The next moment he was gone—lost, lost to me forever!"

"Ah! poor, poor Lizzie!" exclaimed Baby, as she caught the now all but fainting girl in her arms. "Alas! why were you not more true and firm?"

"Baby," replied the other, feebly, "as well ask the reed that bended beneath the blast of yesterday why it resists not the wind of to-day!

"I need not tell you how I contrived to live through the fever that followed that terrible trial, and how now, far from that fatal village, I endeavor, amid the turmoil and distractions of a school-teacher's life, to forget what weeping and dreaming have been.

"It is now eight years since I first met Frank, and three since that final parting; and save in my daily and nightly dreams, I have never visited the dear old home, nor seen the face of my cruel lover. You can now understand why I love those sweet wild flowers, his first offering, and why the sprig of anemone, which you noticed at starting, finds a fitting resting-place upon your Lizzie's breast!"

His Deceit.

BY S. W.

AMONG the several pictures hanging upon the walls of my little sitting-room there is a bedaubed piece of canvas I value above them all.

Although I throughly understand, and appreciate and venerate art, I love to sit opposite it in my arm-chair the whole day long.

I brought this home from the National Gallery two summers ago, when the heat was very great, and I first began to feel that I was losing my strength and power and that old age was gaining only too rapidly upon me.

Regularly for many years I had attended

the public picture-galleries. Having the reputation of being a good copyist, I had always a great many commissions to execute.

Towards the latter end of this summer it happened, however, that upon finishing my last order I found it difficult, because of an unusual dullness affecting general trade, to procure another.

In consequence of this, I resolved to make a copy of Claude's "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba," feeling sure I should easily dispose of it, as the picture I knew to be a general favorite; and accordingly I at once set to work.

For some time I was the only person in the gallery engaged in copying this painting; but one morning, when just about to commence my labor, I was accosted by a young girl—very slight and fragile-looking—carrying a folding easel, a piece of canvas partially done up in brown paper, and a large paint-box.

"I beg your pardon," she said, flushing, "but could you make room for me?"

"Indeed, yes," I answered, promptly, looking at her sweet, plaintive face with great interest."

"You can have this place; I will move. The light here is excellent."

"Oh, no, I do not wish to take your place!" she replied, nervously. "I can see anywhere—here will do very well."

"You are not taking my place," I answered, "a little lower down will do equally well for me. Let me help you," I added, removing my easel, and proceeding, without receiving any further resistance from her to install hers in the position mine had occupied.

"I am sure you are very kind to do this for me," she said, leaning against the iron railing which protected the pictures. "I have come all the way from Camden Town, and I feel rather tired."

"The heat is so great, too," I answered. "I am afraid you will find it very trying here."

"Oh! I don't mind that," she replied, taking the brown paper off the canvas, which was about the same size as my own, and placing it upon the easel. "I am afraid you will laugh at this poor attempt of mine. I began it six years ago, when I was almost a child, when poor papa was alive; and I have brought it to finish because"—she hesitated—"because I want to sell it."

I glanced at the canvas. I had seen a great many absurd and ridiculous attempts at art in my life, but I had never looked upon a cruder or more lamentable performance than this. It was, in fact, nothing but an absolute daub. It was altogether out of drawing, the color of the sky was a deep Prussian blue, the clouds inky black, the sun represented by a mixture of dirty yellow and red—indeed, such a strange appearance it presented, that it would have provoked a smile from me had I not been too conscious of the presence of the pale, anxious young girl by my side.

"Do you think I shall ever sell it?" she asked, her large, wistful eyes fixed upon me.

There was also something so ineffably touching and sad in the tone of her voice, that I felt I could not tell her the whole truth.

"Possibly you may," I answered, a little falteringly. "It's not very far advanced; perhaps I may be able to give you some slight assistance. I am an old man, and have had a great deal of experience."

She looked at me earnestly.

"If, indeed, you would only help me," she exclaimed, impulsively, "just a very little, just to make it look more like yours. It's ever so long since I painted, but people always like to buy pictures—rich people, I mean; and I thought if only I could finish this, I could take it to a shop and sell it."

Poor girl! I saw the tears in her eyes as she spoke, and I wondered what sad story hers might be. But I did not wish her to think me curious, so I forbore asking any questions while she opened her paint-box and proceeded to set her palette with every imaginable color possible.

"I must have forgotten how to paint, it is so long ago," she said, advancing to her easel, the brushes trembling in her long thin, delicate hand.

"Would you like me to do a little for you just at first?" I suggested, gently.

I should not like to ask you to do that," she answered, her face brightening: "but it would be very kind, because it is so long ago since I painted."

I knew I could do absolutely nothing to redeem the work as it stood; but after a few necessary preliminaries, I set the colors straight, and advised her how to proceed with them, when at last I returned the brush and palette to her hand.

She seemed very grateful. Her eyes sparkled with hope.

"I am indeed fortunate to meet with so kind a friend!" she exclaimed, seating herself in front of the easel. "I hope I shall soon finish it;" she added with a sigh, "for it is difficult to leave my little ones alone."

I looked at her in astonishment. Her little ones! Could it be possible that she was married? I glanced at her left hand involuntarily, and then for the first time observed that she wore a wedding-ring. I did not like to make any remark. I felt afraid of saying something that might cause her pain. So we both went on working in silence until one o'clock came, and I took out the little packet of sandwiches, and a small bottle of wine that my son's wife always placed in my pocket every morning before I started for the gallery. Perceiving that she had evidently brought no refreshment, I asked her to partake of mine. She smiled and thanked me, but declined.

"I am too anxious," she said, "I could not eat."

"But you are weak," I remonstrated, gently. "A little of this wine will revive you."

"I am not weak," she persisted; "only very, very anxious."

And so we fell into conversation once more, and by degrees she told me her story. It was very sad, but by no means a remarkable one.

She had been married six years, and was now twenty five. Her husband was a city clerk, and worked day and night for herself and their two children; but he had been taken suddenly ill with fever, and was now in the hospital, and the proprietors of the bank where he was employed allowed her something a week and promised to keep his place vacant until he was convalescent. She found it difficult indeed to live; and lately, to add to her trouble, the landlord of their little home had threatened to turn them out and seize their possessions for the rent, which had been owing for a considerable length of time, and her poor husband was still very ill.

It must be a long while before he would be able, the doctor said, to leave the hospital and resume his work; but if only she could sell this picture for twenty pounds—twenty pounds! poor girl—she would be able to pay the rent and all would be well!

I listened to this narration very sorrowfully. She seemed so young to have had such a sad experience of life, and my heart bled for her. Unfortunately, I could only give her words for comfort. Although I possessed enough to maintain myself just now, times had been rather hard for my son, and I had been obliged to help him with the little money I had saved. Every time I looked at the canvas it made me feel almost wretched. I had not sufficient strength of resolution to tell her the bitter truth. It was, perhaps, mistaken kindness; but I was a weak old man, and through childish timidity I shrank from dashing all her hopes to the ground by the utterance of a few words.

That night I could not sleep for thinking of this poor girl struggling with poverty alone. I tried to devise some means of helping her, but in vain. I could think of nothing.

The next day she was at the gallery, and the following one, continuing to paint with the utmost zeal.

"I think I shall soon finish it," she often said to me. "Of course it is not like yours. But then the man at the picture-shop will not have seen that, and will be satisfied with mine."

So she spoke, in her happy ignorance, and I smiled acquiescence. I could not confute her. Lately she had altered very much for the better. Her face had lost the worn, weary look. It was because she was so imbued with the idea that she would be able to sell the picture and pay the rent.

"I have not told Henry," she said once, "what I am doing. He would not like to think I had to leave the children and to work; but when he comes back to us I shall tell him how I saved our little home, and he will call me a brave girl, and I shall feel so happy and proud."

One day she left the gallery several hours earlier on account of her youngest child, who was suffering from a severe attack of cold, and I offered to put away her things, that she might start at once, so anxious she appeared to reach home. Directly she had taken her departure I lifted the canvas off her easel, not because it offended my eye, but because, when I thought of her high hopes regarding it, the sight of it made me feel quite broken-hearted.

I had scarcely done this before I perceived a gentleman standing near, examining, evidently with a critical eye and no small degree of pleasure, my copy, which only wanted a few more touches to render perfect. Was this gentleman an intending purchaser? As I watched him, a thought flashed suddenly across my mind, and not more quickly than I had conceived did I resolve to act upon this new idea.

The man, after a few moments' more silent examination of my work, turned towards where I stood, with the brushes and palette of my poor young friend in hand, and inquired whether I was the artist of the picture and if I had any intention of selling it? I bowed and answered both questions in the affirmative. He then proceeded to make me an offer of thirty pounds for it. The sum was not large; indeed, considerably below what I was in the habit of receiving for my works? but I accepted this without hesitation, and promised to deliver the painting at his house in Grand Square the next morning.

When he left me I commenced putting a few necessary finishing touches to the picture. I felt in such excellent spirits. What I had resolved upon doing seemed to make almost a young man of me again. Now I intended to purchase her picture with the thirty pounds, and to tell her that, during her absence, I had had the good fortune to sell her painting to a gentleman. I would never let her know who the purchaser really was. I walked home from the gallery that night in a very happy frame of mind. I looked forward with such delight to meet her again, with the money for the picture in my hand!

The next was not a student's day, and consequently no work was to be done at the gallery. I did nothing but think of her; and when I had left my painting at the house of its purchaser, and received the money, the first thing I did upon my return was to hang her canvas upon these walls, where it has remained ever since.

I could scarcely eat breakfast the following morning, so impatient I felt to reach the gallery.

When I arrived there I hastened up the wide steps and through the several rooms, until I reached the picture of Claude. There was no necessity now to place the easels in readiness, our work was done; and I somehow thought rather sadly, that perhaps I should never paint another picture. But it was very hot and close, although so early in the morning, and it was perhaps that made me feel faint, for I was glad to take off my hat, and was relieved to find I was the sole occupant of this part of the gallery.

I waited for nearly half an hour before she appeared. I hurried foward to meet her. She looked paler than usual I thought, and her step was slow and weary.

She regarded me evidently with great surprise.

"I expected to find you working," she exclaimed; "but I am earlier than I thought I never looked at the clock before I started I seemed so forget everything; I felt so out of heart. I must tell you," she added, striving, I could see, with a great effort to keep back the tears—"you will pity me, I know. Last night I had such a cruel letter from our landlord, saying that if the rent was not paid within a week we must turn out; and my youngest little one is so ill, and poor Henry—and perhaps after all my trouble, after being obliged to leave home the long day through, I shall not be able to sell my picture."

I saw her lip quiver and the tears gather in her eyes.

"Don't be afraid!" I said, gently. "Your picture is sold! I sold it yesterday for you while you were away!"

"Sold!" she exclaimed, seizing my hand in her agitation. "Sold—actually sold! But, no! It cannot be! It is too good! It is not true!"

"It is true," I affirmed positively. "I have the money for you—here—thirty pounds." I took out a roll of bank notes as I spoke from my pocket.

She gazed at the money in blank surprise. Then she covered her face with her hand, and sobbed convulsively.

"There is nothing to make you unhappy in this," I said, as soothingly as I knew how, half afraid that I had acquainted her of her good fortune too suddenly.

"You are quite right," she said, removing her hands and wiping away the tears hastily. "I am very foolish. You must forgive me. I was afraid it could not be true."

"Take the money into your own hands," I said, smiling, "perhaps that will make you feel it is really true."

She took the bank-notes from me and turned them over one by one. Then she asked me who had bought the picture, and I told her the purchaser was a gentleman, which was no untruth, for though I am very poor, I am still a gentleman.

"And I did not think I had even finished it," she said. "I am sure I owe it all to you," she added, suddenly; "because your picture is so beautiful—so different from mine; and if you had asked the gentleman, he would, of course, have bought yours."

"No, no; I'll answer for it he would not have done that," I interrupted, quickly, watching, with an indescribable feeling of delight, the flush of pleasure deepen on her face.

"I don't suppose I shall ever paint again," she said. "I might not be so fortunate another time. I cannot leave my children, and I am not strong; but I do feel so very very happy. We shall not have to turn out now; thirty pounds will more than pay the rent, and when Henry comes back quite well, how proud I shall feel to be able to tell him that with my own hand I earned the money and kept our little home. Think of it! Won't it be glorious! And I shall never forget you," she added. "I shall come to the gallery, and find you with Henry and my two little ones, very soon, I hope."

I did not think, when I told her that she would be certain to find me there, that it was the last time I should ever enter the gallery.

I did not think that I, too, had painted my last picture. In the street outside I parted from her. The look of supreme happiness upon her face I shall never forget. It haunts me now, and will haunt me to the end of my days!

I have never seen her since, but so long as I live she will live in my recollection; and though I am left much alone, and I am very weak, and can no longer use my brush, I am happy when I sit and look upon her canvas, for it is not the painting I see, but her sweet young face smiling upon me as it smiled upon me then.

No Old Maids.—There are very few old maids in Russia, because the Russians are a marrying people, and dispose of their children early. In the middle or lower classes, men marry at twenty when not drafted by the conscription: in the higher aristocracy a young man goes the "grand tour" before settling down, but he is often betrothed before starting to a young lady not yet out of the school-room, and he weds her immediately upon his return. The great ridicule attached to the title of spinster when not borne by a nun, has possibly something to do with the unwillingness of ladies to sport it. When a girl has reached the age of twenty-five without finding a mate, she generally sets out upon what she calls a pilgrimage, if poor—on a round of travels, if rich; and in either case she turns up some years later as a widow. Widows are as plentiful as spinsters are scarce; and widows whose husbands were never seen are more numerous than the rest. Etiquette forbids any allusion to a lady's dead husband in her presence, and this is, perhaps, sometimes convenient.

The latest freak for a solitaire dinner is to boil a canary bird in a whole potato.

POLITENESS AND TRUTH.

THERE has never been, as far as we know, a more remarkable instance of a tangible and yet a fugitive wealth than of the fortune that evaded the grasp of a youth who was, many years ago, at school at Harrow, and returning along the road by the bathing place—politely went to the assistance of a stout farmer on horseback in difficulties with a gate lock. He opened the gate and held it back for the rider to pass. "Thank you, my boy," said the farmer, a wealthy grazier. "What may your name be?" "My name's Green," returned the boy, with an ill-timed burst of the imagination. "And what is your father?" "Oh, my father's a cheesemonger," said the smart scholar, chuckling internally at his ready wit, "and he lives in London in the Theobald's road, rather a small shop, with two steps down out of the street." "I'm very much obliged to you," replied the farmer, by no means—as it afterwards appeared—a man of straw.

"You're a capital young chap, I shan't forget you. "Don't I" was the scholar's final thrust. "Remember Green, and a cheesemonger in Theobald's." And up the hill he went, much pleased with himself.

What his feelings may have been when, ten years later, a young gentleman of the name of Green was advertised for, whose father kept a cheese-monger's shop in the Theobald's road, and who, in return for politely opening a gate at Harrow in the year 1830, was left a large legacy by the wealthy farmer, recently deceased—what his feelings were then none of his relatives cared to inquire too closely; but it was observed by all that from that hour the unhappy young man never lost an opportunity of boasting on the incalculable blessings of the most rigid adherence to truth; of the disasters invariably incident to even a momentary deviation from which virtue he himself was a most marked and melancholy example.

For neither was his name Green or anything approaching it, nor has his father, a quiet country gentleman, ever, even in the remotest fashion, been interested in cheese: indeed, as his son has been heard pathetically to remark, in the smallest amounts, it invariably disagreed with him.

Almost Incredible.

And yet the following relation is true in every particular and can be verified by any one who desires to do so:

Mr. Wm. H. Whitley is widely known to the wholesale dry goods trade in this country for his long and active connection with the silk and worsted mills of Darby, Pa., near Philadelphia. He is a gentleman in middle life, in robust health, actively attending to business and enjoying the comforts of his elegant rural home. No one would suppose, from his appearance, that for long years he was a martyr to that most distressing disease, sciatic neuralgia. By what means he was restored from an almost helpless condition to sound health, is the story we have to present and we will let Mr. Whitley tell it himself.

"I enjoyed good health" said he to a press reporter who had heard of his case and called upon him to make inquiry about it, "until about fourteen years ago, when one dark winter's night I fell into an excavation made for a culvert. With my feet in cold water and my legs across a log I was in a helpless condition for seven hours. When I was taken out I was insensible. For a month I was confined to bed. On recovering sufficient to sit up I found that my digestion was impaired and that I had an obstinate sciatic trouble in both legs. With this came acute facial neuralgia. My whole nervous system was shattered. Sometime after I was able to walk a little a feeling like paralysis would take hold of me and I would fall to the ground. At night, instead of sleeping soundly, I would roll about hopelessly for hours. I was in a constant state of weariness and torture. I tried various medical treatments without regard to expense; but got no relief. I gave up business for a while and went to Colorado: but it did not help me.

"As I had tried almost everything else I thought I would try Compound Oxygen, which I had seen advertised as a vitalizer. During my protracted illness, which had now lasted for over a dozen years, I had made a close study of the nerves and had concluded that vitalizing was what I needed. If this Compound Oxygen could give renewed vitality it was exactly what I wanted. I knew that it would be a severe test for the Treatment, for here I was with my nervous system shattered, my digestion in bad order my eyesight troubling me, my legs failing me and my powers of sleep practically gone.

"Well, I took the Treatment at Drs. Starkey & Palen's office. Improvement was soon visible, but it was not rapid. I had to be patient, but had the best of encouragement in doing so. For about six months I continued the Treatment with praiseworthy regularity and with the most satisfying results. I became able to attend to business, I could eat without distress and I could obtain refreshing sleep. My tormenting nerve pains were gone. Compound Oxygen had triumphed over one of the worst cases of sciatica and nerve prostration that the doctors had ever known. I now enjoy excellent health; really enjoy it, for you can imagine what a joy it is to be well again after my long years of suffering."

Drs. Starkey & Palen 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, will send free, to any one who will write for it, their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, from which all desired information in regard to this wonderful Treatment can be obtained.

Our Young Folks.

BUTTERCUP BLEWAWAY.

BY PIPKIN.

BUTTERCUP BLEWAWAY was the neatest and best little maiden that ever wore silver buckles on her shoes. She lived in a crystal cave, with a red and a green dragon to guard her.

One day the giant, old Chinkerey, came by.

"Ah!" he cried; "my dame and I need just such a little maid as that, to scour the floors and clean the platters for us."

"You must look elsewhere for your little maid, then" said the red dragon. "Buttercup Blewaway is not going out to service."

"Huff! huff!" growled old Chinkerey as he shuffled on.

When he got home he told his dame of Buttercup Blewaway.

"We must catch her," he said; "she would keep the house neat and pack our chattles when we move."

"Leave it to me," said Dame Chinkerey. "Leave it to me."

So he left it, and the next day the old giantess went out into the wood and brewed a hot posset.

"They are cooking something good over yonder," said the red dragon, for he could smell the posset as he lay at the cave's mouth.

The green dragon sniffed and nodded. Some one would have a good supper, that was certain.

By-and-by Dame Chinkerey came along with her pot and set it down.

"This is for my husband," she said. "I am going over the hill to call my goats, and meanwhile the pot may stay here; do not dare to touch it."

When she was gone the dragons came up to it and peeped over the edge.

"Not dare to touch it, indeed! Hotsm, totsm! what in the world coming to?" they cried. "How beautifully it smells; we must take a sip."

So they sipped it. Oh, it was good! Then they sipped again. Why, it was better!

"It would be a thousand pities to leave stuff like this to grow cold," they thought. So they drank it all, and, when Buttercup Blewaway ran out to see what was going on, there was not enough posset left to cover the tip of her little finger.

The dragons had hardly finished the last drop when they both tumbled down and fell into a deep sleep.

Then up ran Dame Chinkerey with a chuckle; taking out a great pair of shears, she cut the dragons' wings off, and, catching hold of poor little Buttercup Blewaway carried her home.

In the great gloomy giant's house the poor maiden had to work until she nearly fainted. When she was quite tired out her mistress gave her some bread and cheese, and put her in an old tea-pot on a high shelf.

Buttercup Blewaway sat here, wringing her hands. She could not get out of the spout; for it was too small, and there seemed to her no hope of escape.

By-and-by Dame Chinkerey went out to milk her goats, and the red dragon crawled in.

"Where are you, Buttercup Blewaway?" he cried.

"Oh, I am in the tea-pot. I beseech you, set me free."

It was all very well to beseech, but the dragon could not reach the tea-pot, and his wings were cut.

He could only tell the maiden to take courage, and then hurry off before the giantess came home.

The next day, when Buttercup Blewaway's work was over, Dame Chinkery put her into the pot once more.

"On Thursday next we start for the Polar Sea; so you will have fine packing-up to do," she said, as she put the lid on.

By-and-by, as on the day before, Dame Chinkerey went out and the red dragon came in.

Buttercup Blewaway told him the news.

"To-day is Tuesday; so-tomorrow, if ever, we must set you free," he said; "for, if they take you to the Polar Sea, we cannot follow."

"Oh, do save me!" she cried.

"There is but one way; the old giantess has a pot of witch's salve which would make our wings grow again. You must get it from her, and hide it somewhere within our reach."

"Where does the dame keep her pot of salve?" asked the maiden.

"That, indeed, I cannot tell you," said the dragon, as he hurried off.

The next day, when Buttercup Blewaway was working in the kitchen, she suddenly stood still and gazed at Dame Chinkerey.

"Get on with your scrubbing, child!" cried the dame.

"Pardon," cried the little maid, "I cannot but gaze at your splendid great eyes and glossy black hair; and I wonder very much that you go through the brambles and get your face all over scratches, which spoil your beauty."

"Oh, those are nothing!" cried the giantess. "I have a pot of salve in my pocket which will cure them all in a moment."

So saying, she took the salve from her pocket and smeared some of its contents over her face.

"Now I look in the glass!" said Buttercup Blewaway, as the scratches began to disappear.

Dame Chinkerey turned to gaze at herself, leaving the salve on the table but a moment. Buttercup Blewaway snatched it up and hid it in the glue-pot.

"Witch-locks and frying pans! where is my witch salve?" screamed the dame. "It must have rolled on the floor."

She hunted high and low, but she did not look in the glue-pot.

"Well, we shall find it to-morrow when we pack up," she said, as she put Buttercup Blewaway back in her prison.

Clank! clank! she went off with her milk pots.

Wriggle, wriggle, the two dragons came in.

"You will find the salve in the glue-pot," cried the maiden.

The dragons found the pot, and smeared each other with the ointment. In two minutes they had lovely silver wings; but their claws were all stuck together with glue, which was a pity.

The green dragon flew up to the tea-pot.

"I can't tak the lid off," he cried.

"Let me try," said the red one.

They tumbled about, but the lid did not move.

"Oh, do be quick!" groaned the maiden. "I hear the dame coming!"

"You fly under the shelf," cried the red dragon to the green one. Then he knocked the tea-pot over.

Buttercup Blewaway fell on the green dragon's wings.

Just at that moment old dame Chinkerey came clacketing in, but, ere she could say one word, the dragons flew past her and out.

"Shall we go back to the cave?" asked Buttercup Blewaway.

"No; we fly to the islands of the sunny south, where there are no giants," said the red dragon.

"And no glue-pots," said the green one.

So they flew far, far away, and took her to the Islands of Happiness-Bright, where all wondered at their arrival.

Tidings of the fair stranger even reached the court, and the king's son must needs go and see her. When he saw her he asked her to marry him.

As he was as good as he was handsome, and as handsome as he was good, you will not be surprised to hear that Buttercup Blewaway said "yes."

So she became, first of all, a great princess, and then, as years went on, a queen.

The two dragons used to lie on the palace steps, and had each a golden crown and a golden dish to eat from.

People say that they never got the glue off their claws, but we hope this is not true.

As for the two giants, they went to the polar regions and were frozen into icicles. They stand tall and white on each side of the North Pole. When you go there you will see them.

COCO AND PETER.

BY JULIA A. GODDARD.

LIVING in a well-known street of a French town, and familiar to everybody was the parrot belonging to Madame Gigoux.

Madame was the portress at No. 15, and Coco always sat on his perch outside her door in summer, and at her window during the winter; and he not only picked up all sorts of phrases, but all manner of tunes; indeed, whenever there was a popular melody sung in the street he imitated its most striking passages to perfection.

One day, however, Coco flew away and perched on the top-most bough of a neighboring tree, where he sang and whistled merrily.

Madame Gigoux was in despair. She offered him dainty morsels, called, coaxed, and scolded by turns, but Coco would not come down, and at last she shed tears of sorrow, and offered five francs to any one who would climb the tree and rescue her bird.

Quite a large crowd had collected by this time, for Coco had many friends—far more than his mistress—but no one seemed anxious to earn the five francs.

The thoroughfare was quite blocked by the crowd. Carts and carriages had to turn up another road and the police were unable to clear the way.

Madame Gigoux appealed to her neighbors to save Coco, but there was no response and she sat down and hurled her face in her hands, and said very unkind things of those who would not offer to help her. At this moment a little pale-faced boy touched her arm, and in a shrill eager voice said:

"I'll go, madame," and looked happy when she called him her jewel, and bade be quick about it.

Peter was an orphan, and lived with the old apple-woman who kept the stall at the corner of the street. She allowed him to sleep in her cellar, and gave him a share of her crusts, and now and then a damaged apple.

He was about twelve years old, thin and wiry, and there was no one to forbid his risking his life for five francs. He had stood and watched for hours, but it was not of the money he thought, it was for the adventure, and honor and glory of saving Coco, and hearing the people say "Bravo" as he climbed the tree and secured the tenant.

At last he made up his mind to come forward, and though some of the bystanders told him he was crazy, others lifted him as high as they could, and he clung to the tree-trunk and scrambled up it like a cat.

When he reached the first fork of the lowest branch he rested for a moment, and looked down, while the crowd shouted "Bravo," just as he expected. Then he went astride a largish bough, which bent beneath his weight.

Coco was just above him on a twig; he put out first one hand and then the other, and at last steadied himself on his toes, and seized the parrot firmly by the feet.

But, alas! at that moment the bough broke or swayed violently, so that he lost his footing and could not save himself.

Down came Peter among the crowd, but no one was able to break his fall, and with a dull thud he reached the pavement, and was picked up—with a broken leg.

He had not, however, let hold of Coco, but some one took the bird out of his hand as he fainted away, and then they carried him with all speed to the hospital.

For many days afterwards he was delirious, and talked unceasing about Coco. He seemed to see the bird on the tree-top, he was climbing, he could almost reach it, he had got it tight!

And then his cheek flushed, and he gave a piercing cry and tried to spring up in his little bed, but pain overcame him and he fell back, white and exhausted, on the pillows.

But by degrees the fever and delirium subsided, and in a couple of months Peter left the hospital with a wooden leg, which at first he was very awkward in using.

Slowly he stumped back to the house where he lived, and the apple-woman and all the neighbors pitied his fate and made much of him.

Apples and chestnuts, and even morsels of chocolate were thrust into his hand, and to every newcomer he proudly told his story.

This happened a few years ago, and the lame boy is now growing up. Every one knows him and employs him in such work and to do such commissions as he can accomplish. If a stranger expresses any wonder that he is a cripple, he says:

"What, don't you know me? It was I who saved the parrot at No. 15."

Coco is still alive, and as saucy as ever. He sits on the perch by Madame Gigoux's door, and Peter bears him no malice.

He strokes his glossy feathers with pride, saying, "Ah, madame, it was I caught Coco," and the portress gives him many a warm meal, and sometimes knits him a comforter or a pair of socks; and considering all things the boy thinks that the turning-point in his fortunes was the adventure that caused him to be known as "Wooden-legged Peter."

"THE DOG CHILDREN."

THE following deeply interesting account of the Dog-Rib Indians, is given by Franklin in his narrative of his second Polar expedition:—

"The Dog-Rib Indians, being derived from the same stock with the Chippewyans, have many traditions and opinions in common with that people. The first man, they said, was, according to the traditions of their fathers, named Chapewee. He found the world well stocked with food, and he created children, to whom he gave two kinds of fruit, the black and the white, but forbade them to eat the black. Having thus issued his commands for the guidance of his family, he took leave of them for a time, and made a long excursion for the purpose of conducting the sun to the world.

"During this, his first absence, his children were not disobedient, and ate only the white fruit, but they consumed it all; the consequence was that when he a second time absented himself to bring the moon, and they longed for fruit, they forgot the orders of their father, and ate of the black, which was the only kind remaining. He was much displeased on his return, and told them that in future the earth would produce bad fruits, and that they would be tormented by sickness and death—penalties which have attached to his descendants to the present day.

"Chapewee himself lived so long that his throat was worn out, and he could no longer enjoy life; but he was unable to die, until, at his own request, one of his people drove a beaver's tooth into his head. The same, or another—for there is some uncertainty on this head—lived with his family on a strait between two seas. Having constructed a wire to catch fish, such a quantity were taken that the strait was choked up, and the water rose and overflowed the earth. Chapewee embarked with his family in a canoe, taking with them all manner of birds and beasts. The waters covered the earth for many days, but Chapewee said 'we cannot live always thus—we must find land again;' and he accordingly sent a beaver to search for it. The beaver was drowned, and his carcase was seen floating on the water; on which Chapewee despatched a musk-rat on the same errand.

"The second messenger was long absent, and when he did return was near dying with fatigue, but he had a little earth in his paws. The sight of the earth rejoiced Chapewee; but his first care was about the safety of his diligent servant, the rat, which he rubbed gently with his hands and cherished in his bosom until it revived.

"He next took up the earth and, moulding it with his fingers, placed in on the water, where it increased by degrees until it formed an island in the ocean. A wolf was the first animal Chapewee placed on the infant earth; but, the weight proving too great, it began to sink on one side, and was in danger of turning over.

"To prevent this accident, the wolf was directed to move round the island, which it did for a whole year, and in that time the earth increased so much in size that all on board the canoe were able to disembark on it. Chapewee, on landing, stuck up a piece of wood, which became a fir-tree, and grew with amazing rapidity, until its top reached the skies. A squirrel ran up this tree, and was pursued by Chapewee, who endeavored to knock it down, but could not overtake it.

"He continued the chase, however, until he reached the stars, where he found a fine plain and a beaten road. In this road he set a snare made of his sister's hair, and then returned to the earth. The sun appeared as usual in the heavens in the morning, but at noon it was caught by the snare which Chapewee had set for the squirrel, and the sky was instantly darkened.

"Chapewee's family, on this, said to him: 'You must have done something wrong when you were aloft, for we no longer enjoy the light of day.' 'I have,' replied he, 'but it was unintentionally.' Chapewee then endeavored to repair the fault he had committed, and sent a number of animals up the tree to release the sun by cutting the snare; but the heat of that luminary reduced them all to ashes.

"The efforts of the more sensitive animals being thus frustrated, a ground-mole, though such a grovelling and unknown beast, succeeded, by burrowing under the road to the sky, which it reached, and cut asunder the snare which bound the sun."

"It lost its eyes the instant it thrust its head into the light, and its nose and hands have ever since been brown as if burnt.

'Chapewee's island, during these transactions, increased to the present size of the American continent; and he traced the course of the rivers, and scraped out the lakes by drawing his fingers through the earth.

"He next allotted to the quadrupeds, birds and fishes their different stations, and, endowing them with certain capacities, he told them that they were in a position to provide for their own safety, because man would destroy them whenever he found their tracks. But, to amuse them, he said that when they died they should be like a seed of grass, which, when thrown on to water, springs again into life.

"The animals objected to this arrangement, and said: 'Let us, when we die, be as a stone which, when thrown into a lake, disappears for ever from the sight of man. Chapewee's family complained of the penalty of death entailed upon them for eating the black fruit; on which he granted that such of them as dreamed certain dreams should be men of medicine, capable of curing disease, and of prolonging life. In order to preserve this virtue they were not to tell their dreams until a certain period had elapsed. To acquire the art of foretelling events, they were to take an ant alive, and insert it into the skin of the palm of the hand without letting anyone know what they had done.

"For a long time Chapewee's descendants were united in one family, but at length, some young men being immoderately beaten in a game, a quarrel ensued, and a general dispersion of mankind took place.

"The enemy fixed his residence on the borders of the lake, taking with him a dog, which, in due time had pups; and the Indian, when he went out to fish, carefully tied them up to prevent them from straying. Several times, as he approached his tent, he heard a noise of children talking and playing; but on entering it he only perceived the pups tied up as usual. His curiosity being excited by the noise he had heard, he determined to watch them.

"One day, pretending to go out and fish according to custom, he concealed himself in a convenient place. In a short time he again heard voices, and rushing suddenly into the tent, beheld some beautiful children sporting and laughing with the dogs' skins lying by their side. He threw the skins into the fire, and the children, retaining their proper forms, grew up and were the ancestors of the Dog-Rib nation."

DANCES AND NATIONS.—"It is a well-known fact," says the translator of "Siberian Pictures," "that the character of nations is reflected in their dances. The tender but systematic Germans have their valse. In the monotonous motions of that dance one may perceive the pulsation of the Germanic race flowing on for ever like the current of an ancient river. The couples glide solemnly round the ball-room in even movement; each couple is all in all to each other; the woman leans on her partner, who upholds her tenderly, but without passion. It is Werther's love—deep, but not fiery; tender, but undemonstrative.

"It is different with Southern nations living under the rays of an almost tropical sun. The Italian tarantella and the Spanish bolero indicate, by their passionate gestures and the variety of their movements, feelings full of vitality. The talkative Frenchman has his quadrille, in the course of which there are so many opportunities for conversation and exchange of wit.

"A native from the steppes of the Ukraine stretches his sinewy limbs in the contortions of a Cossack, as if he were practising mounting a wild steed. Lastly, the Poles, with whom equality was the chief support of the Republic, have preserved this type in our polonaise, for on changing partners the last, if he so wills it, may become the first.

"If, then, the dance paints so truly the national character, what must a Siberian dance be where the sun sheds such feeble rays, and the pent-up imagination has so little scope for freedom? The Siberian ball, then, is nothing but the faithful representation of a Siberian's daily occupation, and a picture of his ordinary surroundings. Two people stand opposite to each other, without regard to sex, as in these high latitudes there are no tender-hearted Werthers who would find a pleasure in sharing their enjoyments with a Charlotte; they stand and stamp their feet, as if to keep them warm, and then move about indiscriminately in all directions."

TRUE LOVE.

BY C. S. R.

True love dwells not in passion's strong vibration,
That, rudely striking on the harp of life,
Speaks loud in terms of deepest adulation,
Then falls perchance upon the chord of strife.

Nor is affection breathed in love-sick sighs,
That tremble on the lips and die away:
Nor is it bound in lovers' rhapsodies,
These are the fancies of a summer's day.

It is the tender bond of heart to heart,
And mind to mind, and soul knit unto soul,
Till one could no more from the other part
Than on the shore the waves would cease to roll.

And no relaxing falls on this love's tension,
And fading youthfulness will cause no fear,
For the spirit's tender comprehension
Only increases with each passing year.

Nor can the glitter of the fleeting world
Dazzle the senses, or the hearts enslave,
Of those to whom Love's banner is unfurled,
And who will follow him beyond the grave.

THE MAKING OF SWEETS.

Formerly the making of bonbons was a tedious affair, and the chief manufacturers were in the habit of beginning the preparations for the great consumption on Christmas and New Years as early as the month of August. Now, however, when the process is far more delicate and complex, and the demand has more than doubled, they commence preparing only some few weeks in advance. One grand reason for this is because bonbons belong to the category of perishable merchandise.

If one were only to forget to eat them for a sufficient length of time, they would devour themselves. To preserve them, they have to be shut up in air-tight cases with a layer of chloride of calcium, which absorbs all moisture at one end, and by this means they may be kept for a number of years.

A large city establishment, which ordinarily employs some ninety persons, about the commencement of December requires the services of almost double that number, the majority of whom are engaged in making bonbons by the million until the turn of the new year. The entire underground portion of the premises is devoted to the manufacture of sweetmeats.

On descending the stone staircase one finds one's self in a stifling atmosphere, too heavily laden with the aroma of vanilla and other essences. Around are scores of workmen, their faces lighted up by the red glare of numerous furnaces, busily engaged in plunging particular fruits into large cauldrons filled with boiling syrups. More in the shade are other stalwart-looking men, their countenances made pallid by the intensely heated atmosphere, piling up almonds, etc., on huge copper vessels, and so constant is the sound of metal that the visitor might imagine himself in an armor smithy instead of a sweetmeat factory, among workmen making bonbons for women and children to crunch.

On all sides are piles of sugar barrels, gallons of liquors, syrups and essences—wine, kirsch, aniseed, maraschino, curacao, pineapple, apricot, strawberry, cherry, vanilla, chocolate, coffee and tea—with sacks of almonds and baskets of chestnuts, pistachio nuts and filberts being emptied into machines which bruise their husks, flay them and blanch them, all ready to receive their saccharine coating.

Most bonbons are made by hand; only those which are flat at the bottom are cast in molds. In the hand-made bonbons the sugar paste is rolled into shape by the aid of an instrument formed of a stout piece of wire, one end of which is twisted and the other fixed into a wooden handle. With this the paste is taken out of the wooden cauldron and worked into the desired form by a rapid stroke of the hand.

For bonbons of a particular form, such as those in imitation of various fruits, etc., models are carved in wood. A certain number of these, say from fifty to sixty, are fixed on a narrow strip of wood, and the confectioner takes molds of them in starch, contained in a series of large, shallow drawers.

As soon as the molds become dry they are filled with liquid sugar, already colored and flavored, after which the drawer is put on one side for twenty-four hours, when the bonbons are ready for sale. The delicate sweets, containing some essences, such as pineapple, etc., are always cast in starch molds.

It puzzles older heads than those of children to know how this drop of delicious liquid gets into the centre of the sweet. Like many other puzzling matters, it is very easily explained. The flavoring essence is mixed with the liquid sugar, and when poured into the mold the latter crystalizes immediately over the former. These essences, so nice to the taste, are the most remarkable examples of the power of chemistry to transform very repugnant materials into delicacies. Fusil oil is the base of the pear essence, and pineapple essence is obtained by diluting ether with alcohol.

The chemist, in his laboratory, with great cunning, manufactures scores of these essences, which are supposed to be the veritable product of delicious fruits. Some of the pretty forms that are made to take the fancy of the little ones, are simply punched out of flat films of sugar rolled; some are cast, some are pressed into shape when soft between engraved rollers. The drops and sweets that are quite clear are boiled so long that all the water has evaporated out of them. Such sweets must be immediately bottled up, or preserved from the air; otherwise they absorb water and become semi-liquid.

Barley sugar is an example in point. If it is not hermetically sealed down in tins, it deliquesces, and loses all its crispness. It is as well to know that this is the purest of all sweets—being absolutely clarified sugar, and therefore the most wholesome for children. On the other hand, peppermint drops are the most open to sophistication. They should be made of crushed white sugar, mixed into a paste with gum. But the temptation to adulterate is too great for the dishonest trader to resist; consequently, in order to supply the cheap market, one-half plaster Paris is mixed with inferior sugar. One can quite understand the sickness that overtakes children sometimes after eating those comfits; the wonder is that such a mess of plaster does not interfere more signally with their digestion.

Jujubes, those flexible lozenges which stick so in the teeth, contain a large portion of gum. They are poured into tins to cool, standing for several hours, sliced into sheets, and then cut out by scissors into the well-known diamond shapes.

Grains of Gold.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

Presumption is our natural and original disease.

Eccentricity in a rich man is lunacy in a poor one.

'Tis but a short journey across the isthmus of Now.

Repentance is heart's sorrow and a clear life ensuing.

A word of kindness may conquer the hardest heart.

We all praise contentment, but how few of us practice it.

One sin makes another necessary, and that other, many.

Mistake, error, is the discipline through which we advance.

When a man's coat is threadbare it is easy to pick a hole in it.

Peace in a sinful course is one of the greatest of curses.

Respect the poor man by gifts whose hand he knows not of.

When you go forth to do a good deed, put on the slippers of silence.

Enjoy present pleasure in such a way as not to injure future ones.

Never fail to keep your appointments, nor to be punctual to the minute.

Do the truth you know and you shall learn the truth you need to know.

Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend on yourself.

Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.

Those who are dishonest in trifling matters will never be honest in great affairs.

Behold the things thou lovest with all thy heart and strength; those are thy gods.

Fruitless is sorrow for having done amiss if it issue not in resolution to do so no more.

Nature never makes men who are at once energetically sympathetic and minutely calculating.

It is the young, the idle, the small-minded, who are most prone to vex themselves about small things and outside things.

You may labor against vain glory till you conceive that you are humble, and the fond conceit of your humility will prove to be pride in full bloom.

The only way to really know that God made us, is to let God remake, regenerate, us. The only way to be sure that God gave us our physical life is to let Him give us the spiritual life.

Femininities.

Violin-playing is now a "craze" among English ladies.

A girl should marry for protection, and not for revenge only.

A Virginia woman has named her triplets Cleveland, Hendricks, and Reform.

Married life should be a sweet, harmonious song, and like one of Mendelssohn's, "without words."

At some time in their lives Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Garfield, and Miss Cleveland, were all school teachers.

The young lady belonging to a pug dog at New London, Conn., has trained him to lick postage-stamps for her.

A certain man boasts that he has three mothers-in-law living. Strikes us the thing to boast of is that he is living.

Miss Ella F. Kidd, of Keene, Ky., has just completed a crazy quilt which contains 100,000 pieces and 948,688 stitches.

A surgeon, who wished to compliment the heroism of a soldier who had just had his leg amputated, told him that he stood it like a woman.

At the Louvre, the great Parisian store, female shop-lifters are now handed over to the police instead of being permitted to depart on signing a confession.

"I wisch I hat wings dis minnit I wot flet to you and skweis you on my heart and tell you how I feel dis moment," a Chicago woman wrote to her husband.

How many women know that in the Revised Version, Psalm lxviii., 11, reads: "The Lord giveth the word; the women that publish the tidings are a great host?"

Queen Marguerite of Italy is an early riser, and spends several hours before breakfast in reading philosophical and scientific works, of which she carefully writes down her impressions.

A discussion about the price of a tub took place between two New York women the other day, and finally culminated in a quarrel, in which one of the participants was dangerously injured.

In Oriental countries it is the custom to eat and sleep on the house-tops. Hence, when a wife elopes, the husband does not say that she has quitted his bed and board, but merely that she has left his roof.

Living tableaux in the open air are the stylish amusement in England this summer. Skilled artists arrange them, or famous pictures are reproduced, and the fair amateurs are said to outstrip the artists of the ballet.

A Quebec Adonis pencilled a proposal on the snowy cuff of his fair one while holding her little hand. She, with great foresight, did not send that cuff to the wash, and now it has been filed in a breach of promise case.

Overheard at Atlantic City on Sunday: First young lady—"Going in to bathe?" Second young lady—"No, I'm sorry to say." First young lady—"Conscientious scruples?" Second young lady, sorrowfully—"No, porous-plaster."

An old lady who smoked her pipe after dinner, at Asbury Park, N. J., attracted a great deal of attention the other day. When people came along and stared at her, she looked calmly back, and they usually showed more embarrassment than she did.

In Rio Janeiro is a large and gloomy convent in which the wives of soldiers are confined during their husbands' absence. The barbarous custom is sanctioned by long usage, and one woman has been imprisoned there for twenty-five long and dreary years.

A San Francisco woman, who has been totally blind for several months, was frightened about a week or so ago by one of her daughters crying fire, and is reported to have at once regained possession of her sight. Her loss of sight resulted from sickness.

A Vassar graduate, being out in the country, went into the stable of a farmhouse. "Dear me, how close the poor cows are crowded together," she remarked. "Yes, mum; but we have to do that." "Why so?" "So they will give condensed milk." She believed it.

The tender and unquestioning faith of woman is never more conspicuously illustrated than when she undertakes to drive a tack into a painted plaster wall, believing that it won't knock out a ghastly chip, and that it will sustain a weight of from two to five pounds.

A New York lady was not long ago requested to add her name to a subscription list for charitable purposes. "I can't," was the reply; "I did all I could afford to do for charity during the winter. I went to the charity ball, the kirmess, and attended a number of private theatrical entertainments given for charitable purposes."

The old gate over which some Maryland girls each received proposals of marriage, was recently worked up by a pump company into souvenirs for the family, now widely scattered. Each of the girls has a piece of the old home gate in the shape of a miniature churn, mallet, or barrel, to remember the old, old home, and the old, old fellows.

The condition of many women in the coke regions of this State has been for many years really worse than that of female savages. From early morn until late at night they toiled and groaned beneath the scorching rays of the sun, and in the glare of the coke furnaces doing labor that should have been done by strong men. The new law stopping this is one of the best ever enacted, and it should be enforced to the letter.

At a town in Gloucestershire the relatives as below recently surrounded one dinner-table: One great grandfather, two grandfathers, one grandmother, three fathers, two mothers, four children, three grandchildren, one great-grandchild, three sisters, one brother, two husbands, two wives, one mother-in-law one father-in-law, two brothers-in-law, three sisters-in-law, one son-in-law, two daughters-in-law, two uncles, three aunts, one nephew, two nieces, and two cousins. The whole party consisted of seven persons only.

Masculinities.

Cæsar brothers are a New York business firm.

A groom of 16 has wedded a bride of 14 at Athens, Ga.

A Lowell, Mass., man has become a raving maniac, because his sweetheart jilted him.

A wicked little boy says that home without a mother would be a solid pic-nic all the week.

The boy whose hair is cut by his mother seldom takes off his hat when there are girls in his vicinity.

A Chicago dry goods man has vainly offered one hundred dollars to any one who will thrash a local lawyer.

It is the fashion to name children after flowers in Virginia. That is probably because they all start out as Virginia creepers.

A young couple from Louisiana are making a bridal tour through Arkansas to Kansas in a two-wheeled cart drawn by four bull yearlings.

It is remarkable what a difference there is in the sensation when you get a letter inclosing a ten-dollar bill and one inclosing a bill for ten dollars.

San Francisco is naturally excited over the discovery that an insane judge has for several months been trying cases and administering justice in that city.

A colored man in Georgia, who was bunted off a railroad track, wanted twenty million dollars damages, but settled for sixteen dollars and a pass good for thirty days.

Desiring to keep the sails of his windmill constantly turning, wind or no wind, in order to add picturesqueness to the landscape, a Maine man moves them by steam power.

Here is an awful warning to husbands. An East Saginaw, Mich., man broke his arm while splitting kindling wood. Hereafter he will allow his wife to do this, as usual.

A Walnut street lady yesterday, after a most vexatious search for her new patent steel wire bustle, found her ten-year-old hopeful with it in the street. It was serving as a base-ball catcher's mask.

A New Orleans letter says a peculiarity of the young Southerner, male or female, is their early betrothal and eventful marriage, a condition that usually hinders undue dissipation, even if the desire exists.

A cobbler in Jersey City imagines that every woman or girl who passes or enters his shop is his wife. Jailing him has failed to cure him of the hallucination, and he is likely now to go to an insane hospital.

The most eloquent panegyric on the American girl that has appeared in an American periodical for some time past was written by a litterateur, who, when his time came to wed, married a Canadian girl.

A San Francisco paper asserts that a wedding was delayed in that city the other day because, when the groom went to get a license, his treacherous memory proved a complete blank as to the lady's name.

The wall paper of the room at St. Helena, where Napoleon died, continues as it was at the time of his death. The pattern is preserved in France, and a new supply is manufactured and sent over as it is required.

A New York lawyer, who has in three years built up a fair practice, declares that in the first twelve months of his professional career he "literally lived on free lunches," and that "there are many others to-day as badly off."

Worcester, Mass., claims to possess the champion mean man in the person of a well-to-do resident, who borrowed a print of butter, and in due course returned another pat with a piece sliced off, explaining that in the interim butter had risen.

Speaking of the hard times, a New Haven, Conn., tailor says: "I know a young man recently married who has just procured a $35 suit of clothes from his tailor, with the understanding that he is to pay for them at the rate of $1 a month."

"Are you superstitious, my dear?" said Miss Birdie to a newly-arrived stranger to whom she had become engaged. "Not a bit. But why do you ask?" replied the youth. "Nothing, except you are the thirteenth young gentleman to whom I have been engaged."

Felix Rodriguez, a well-known Mexican compositor, died recently. He was one-armed, but very expert, and held his stick in the stump of his left arm. Years ago he had a trial of speed with another compositor, and, losing in the race, had his left hand cut off, in rage.

A violent hater of tobacco is Dr. Hitchcock, the professor of athletics at Amherst College. He attributes to its immoderate use, especially by immature young men, all sorts of physical and mental ailments, and predicts that a quarter of a century more of excess will produce a generation of weaklings.

A Maine florist eloped to Iowa with a neighbor's wife. His own spouse followed them to the West, where she lost the trail; but when she came to a little cottage with lovely flowers, and "Rosalie" lettered upon the trim lawn in fragrant pinks and roses, she felt that she had run the fugitive to earth, and she was right.

A rich Georgia land-owner sent for a neighbor and proposed that if he would support him while alive, furnish him medical attendance, and bury him decently, he would deed him all his land. The trade was closed, the papers drawn, and a doctor at once sent for. The result was that the fortunate neighbor of the rich man was in possession of his estate within a week. Doctors are indispensable in some emergencies.

An ingenious lover at Black Hawk, Col., undertook to be invited to spend Sunday in the bosom of his beloved's family, in the capacity of an interesting invalid, by the simple device of slipping down the front steps when he bade his sweetheart good-night, and acquiring a severe pain in the loins. He was carried into the house, and tenderly put to bed by the men folks, and his future mother-in-law applied a vigorous mustard blister to the spot affected, and watched by his side till he was sleeping calmly face downward.

Ralph's Atonement.

BY JAMES E. MEARS.

BE true to him, Mabel. Let him be your first thought in life for your dead mother's sake."

So spoke the poor dying woman, in low, gasping words, turning her eager eyes first on the daughter who stood beside her bed, then on the infant lying on the pillow at her side.

"I will, mother—I will!" is the sobbing answer, and the little girl of twelve sank on her knees as she made the promise.

Placing her hand on her bowed head, as though to seal it, with one more feeble effort to articulate, the tired lids closed, and Mabel Halford was an orphan.

The child left to her care, fretful and delicate, occupied her every moment, and as the years slipped by, and he grew to boyhood and she to womanhood, it was as though she had never known girlhood; so that when, one evening, in the gloaming, as she heard for the first time words of love from Ralph Raymond's lips, it was as the opening of a new life to her.

He was a young, strong fellow—a favorite with all—quick-tempered, self-willed, but with a warm, honest heart, which, somehow, neither he nor she knew how, had transferred itself into her keeping.

She listened dreamily as he talked. She was eighteen, yet it was all so new, so sweet because so new, and her head drooped on his broad shoulder; and she held out her hands to receive this sacred thing, when suddenly a thought came to her—Fred, little Fred; her promise to her mother.

"You forget that I have Fred," she said. "What could I do with him?"

"Do? Leave him to your aunt. You can see him every day. The care of him is too much for you, anyhow, Mabel. I shall be glad when you are no longer able to assume it. He is a big boy now, and she can do all that is needful."

"No, Ralph," she answered, very sadly now; "I can never give Fred up. I promised mother, on her dying bed, he should be my first thought in life, and my promise I mean to keep. I see now that this sweet dream was not for me."

"And you would give me up? Much you care for me, if you can let that boy come between us."

"Oh, Ralph, don't say that! Whatever else you do, do not doubt my love. Think how lonely, how poor, my life will be, dear, without you; but do not ask me to break my promise to the dead."

"It was one which never should have been exacted," was the reply. "Mabel, he will be well cared for. You can see him when you choose. Darling, life has other duties for you, the duties of wifehood, pray heaven, of motherhood, when children of your own may need your love."

"And think you, Ralph," she answers, amid her tears, "I could hope for blessing while I had been untrue to one left in my care—the brother who is sacred to me, to whom I am mother and sister both? I was wrong even for a moment to dream of happiness. You soon will find it in another form; but I—I——"

"Then bring the boy to our home," he answered, half roughly. "He is a weakly, whining lad, but I have enough for both. I can't give you up."

"No, Ralph," and this time she spoke with new resolution and no tears. "You soon would weary of him. I could not do justice to you both, and were you unkind to him it would break my heart. So long as he lives I shall never marry. I can, at least, render up my trust fulfilled. All is over, Ralph, between you and me, except—except the memory of the past."

"So this is the end to your love—this what your fine protestations meant! A memory, eh? You leave me that? A memory to push me onward to destruction. It is your work! Remember that, and whatever comes, keep your memory closer to your heart."

So he left her, and with the gates of heaven shut in her face, just as they were opening to receive her, Mabel wended her way slowly back alone.

So now must her pathway be in life alone. Never before had she realized its sadness and its desolation.

The months which followed were full of bitterness. Sometimes, as she walked, Ralph Raymond would reel past her, his business neglected, his manhood forgotten; or she would hear his name mentioned in terms of reproach, where, ever before, it had been of praise.

He had indeed, carried out his threat, and if he remembered, it served but to drive him to destruction.

She was young to have such lines of care, such a weary look in the gray eyes, she thought, as she peered into the mirror; then Fred's voice would call her fretfully, and, with a sigh, again she would take up her cross.

But one afternoon, in answer to his name, no voice responded, and as the hours went by and the shadows lengthened, she grew anxious, and went here and there, seeking him; and, after a long and fruitless search, the neighbors were at last roused, and a dread struck to every heart.

He had wandered on the moor. The coal-pits was the first distracting thought, which dotted it here and there, an open trap for the unwary.

What child's feet could hope, in the darkness, to have escaped them?

All night the search continued, when, as the dawn was breaking, a party who had been away for hours came upon a group with lanterns.

"For whom are you looking?" said one of their number.

"For little Fred Halford! he has strayed away."

The rest passed carelessly on, but on one the name fell like a knell, and he turned mechanically to join the seekers.

"Little Fred Halford, did you say?" he questioned, at last, in hoarse tones.

"Yes!" said one of the men, roughly. "But you can be of little help. You had better go home and go to bed!"

"Where is his sister?" he continued, unheeding the words addressed him.

"She is somewhere, looking like one distracted. It's my opinion it's only his body we'll find."

Only his body!

Poor little fellow, who had stood an impassable barrier between him and the girl he loved.

Had it not been for his little life, she now would have been his bride, perhaps the mother of his child, and now it mayhap was ended.

He would go to her, would console her grief, would wipe away her tears, and find happiness for both after long waiting. But, ah! was he now worthy of such a boon?

He glanced at his disordered dress, felt the flush upon his cheek, on which the morning air blew so refreshingly, remembered how the late hours had been spent, and groaned at the memory, when a shout arose—a shout followed by a groan. The child had been just found, but how and where?

It was as they had feared. His little feet had wandered on to the edge of one of the places where an old shaft had been sunk, when, half way down, in the darkness, by some miracle his clothes had caught upon some projecting limb, and he hung over the abyss.

It seemed as though he were found only to be lost again. In no way could he be reached except by climbing down an almost impassable gulf, probably to be hurried headlong to destruction.

What man's life was of such little worth as to be put in the scale with that feeble child's?

A silence fell upon the group—a silence broken by a woman's voice.

"Save him!" she cried; "save him! He is my all!"

At her words Ralph Raymond started to his feet.

What was it she asked of him?—for he felt as though her words appealed direct to him. To save this child—with his own hands to erect the barrier once more between them—to risk his future hopes and happiness.

But there rises before him another picture of atonement—astonishment for a moment—atonement for a past. Hands made worthy which were all unworthy, cleansed which were stained; a life soiled and blotted offered for one pure and unblurred.

"Men, I am ready!" he said, and stood at the pit's mouth.

Then, for one moment crossing to Mabel's side, he bent low, and whispered in her ear—

"I will save him, Mabel, for your dear sake, and if I perish in the effort you will let this atone."

Then, in the presence of them all, he raised her hand and pressed it to his lips, stepped back, and permitted the rope to be placed around his waist.

Step by step in the gray dawn, 'mid silence broken only by the song of waking birds, or the lowing of distant cattle, with the bright earth above him growing farther and farther from his sight, he took his perilous way.

The songs he had heard that night again sounded in his ear, accompanied by loud laughter and coarse jest, and, strangely mingled with them, the hymn his mother had sung to the boy standing at her knee—the boy as pure of heart as the little fellow he now went to save.

Lower and lower he climbs downward, with the dim wonderment growing in his brain whether he ever again will see the sunlight, or smell the fragrance of the flowers.

Never! His foot slips. A groan breaks from those watching—a moan from a woman's pale lips. His foot has slipped. He has fallen and wrenched the rope from the grasp of those holding it.

But no! Almost by the side of the boy he catches a branch. It bears his weight, and a cheer follows, long and loud.

At last his hand grasps the boy's arm. He calls his name. There comes no answer. He bends and looks into his face—it is the face of the dead!

Slowly, sadly, he binds the rope lowered to him round the child's body, and it is upraised to the sunlight its eyes can never more see.

Then he turns to follow, seeing only a woman's agonized face, hearing her cry of despair, with no thought for the danger in which he is engulfed.

But life is sweet, and clinging unconsciously to its possession, he fights his perilous way upward, and, with the shouts of those around, feels his feet once more touch solid ground, and falls faint and exhausted.

When he once more opens his heavy eyes they rest on Mabel Halford's face, and he knows they have borne him to her home. But from her form they wander to the child standing by her side, whose white dead face he last saw in the darkness.

"He was only unconscious," she says, tenderly. "Oh, Ralph, how can I thank you?"

"By giving me yourself," he answered, very low. "Have I not won the right to help you in your care of him?"

And Mabel, sobbing out her happiness, knew that he was right, as she almost reverently answered—

"Yes."

IN A HOT PLACE.

"I arrived here at Khartoum after a fatiguing and unbroken journey of forty-three days," writes a correspondent. "We left Suez on an Egyptian Government steamer to go down the Red Sea. It was a small steamer, with 2,000 pilgrims on board—men, women and children—bound for Mecca. There was not an inch of any portion of the deck uncovered, and some had to stand by turns to let others lie down to rest. The steamer was a wretched one, and the captain and crew were Arabs. There was not one boat. I wonder we were not burned, as all the Hadjis smoked and cooked their food wherever there was any room on deck.

"Jedda is a walled and moated town; we used to almost fly to and from the ship (two miles over coral reefs) in dhows with enormous sails. We then went to Suakim. The heat all the time was fearful; iron exposed to the sun burned you to the bone if you accidentally touched it. Hot drinking water, hot soles to your boots from the hot decks, hot animals to warm your bed in the bunk, and your very clothes too great a burden to bear, rendered the place intolerable; nor did the heat abate when we landed. Here the natives were in full dress—with a handkerchief, a bundle of charms on their elbow, a spear, sword, and shield for the males, and a dish-cloth and a silver nose-ring for the females. All wear sandals, but like the Kerry country girls with their shoes, generally take them off when walking!

"The next morning we got a guide and four camels—two with riding saddles, and two for baggage—filled our water-skins, and set off. First day, desert; fine sand and camel-thorn (mimosa). Second day came to water-pool—water, you know, even in the Nile, is a rich, opaque coffee color, but water in a desert pool is not even liquid mud, and must be boiled in biobs (like custard) into the skins.

"Our little party of three passed hundreds of natives, Arab caravans and Soudani negroes, ebony giants, a little liberal in the allowance of lips and feet; and, though all armed, hurting nobody. We used to go forward in the morning till 10.30, and then, from 2 in the afternoon till 8 o'clock, camp down; both halts make fire, and feed—tea, dates, ship-biscuits in hot water, and potted meats. In the day some ants (white, black and red), and fifty other insects, down your shirt-collar and everywhere, like Macbeth, murdered sleep; at night we got some sleep.

"At first made large fires to keep off wild beasts, but then thought it best to sleep in the dark, as the light brought round us such very neighborly, desiring-to-make-your-acquaintance monsters—as scorpions and tarantulas. The bite of the scorpion is weeks of fever, and of the tarantula generally a funeral. We killed one of the latter, four inches long in the body; his legs and all would just cover a small plate. I send you a drawing of a scorpion I got between my blouse and my vest; he is stuck by a pin on the top of my helmet. They come crawling over you, and will run at the smallest movement, and not touch you if left alone; but the danger is that when half asleep you feel one (generally on your face), you put up your hand and brush it off; then it lets fly at you."

"Yes, stranger," said a passenger from Texas. "I'm going down east on an important errand. Don't mind telling you that I'm going to be married. You can imagine how good-natured and jolly I feel." "Yes but don't you feel a little anxiety, a little trepidation, about taking such an important step in life?" "Nary a trep, stranger." "Have you ever been married before?" "No, but I've been in one fight with Injuns, two scrimmages with cowboys, and went through four cyclones. I'm no chicken."

DANVILLE, Ill., has a cheeky swindler, who, pretending to be an inspector of lamps goes from house to house, lights lamps, and, after blowing out the flame, proceeds with an it's-all-right air to collect the "fee," which is ten cents per lamp.

Helpless Upon a Friendless Sea!

Who, in taking passage in a great trans-Atlantic steamer, does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power. Against her the Storm King may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by a cry, "The ship's rudder is lost!" From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in energy and in ambition, man confronts, undaunted, gigantic tasks and commands applause for his magnificent achievements. But, all unexpectedly, an alarm comes—the rudder of his constitution is gone. He has been careless of its preservation; mental strain, nervous excitement, irregular habits, over-work, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.—*The Traveler.*

R. R. R.

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In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

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Dysentery, Diarrhœa.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaint,** Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarial, Bilious and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

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The Great Blood Purifier.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be scrofula, consumption, ulcers, sores, tumors, boils, erysipelas or salt rheum, diseases of the lungs, kidneys, bladder, skin, liver, stomach or bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus is in the BLOOD, which supplies the waste and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy the process of repair must be unsound.

THE SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

Not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healty current of new life.

THE SKIN,

After a few days' use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots and skin eruptions are removed; sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparilla is continued a sufficient time to made its impression on the system.

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RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pains in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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Recent Book Issues.

"Students' Songs." Moses King, while a student at Harvard College, published many successful books; among them "Students' Songs," which has had a most remarkable sale, over 40,000 copies of this "Students' Songs" having already been sold. The songs have been heard and heartily enjoyed by thousands of people at glee clubs, concerts, college festivities, college societies, in home circles and social gatherings. The book itself is also a cause of its success. It is handsomely printed, and contains sixty songs, with their music. Published by Moses King, at Harvard Square, in Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is one of the most charming among American writers. There is a crisp and breezy freshness about her delightful novelettes, "Theo," "Kathleen," "Pretty Polly Pemberton," "Miss Crespigny," "A Quiet Life;" "Lindsay's Luck," and "Jarl's Daughter," that is rarely found in contemporaneous fiction, and a close adherence to nature, as well, that renders them doubly delicious. "Pretty Polly Pemberton" has just been issued, in neat cover, thick paper, and clear large type, by Peterson & Bros., this city.

There is no writer who stands higher among those fond of what is called good "summer reading" than the author of "The Duchess," etc., and one of her latest books will therefore be hailed with much satisfaction. Besides the main story, "A Maiden All Forlorn," it has the following shorter ones: "A Rose Distilled;" "A Passive Crime;" "Zara;" Barbara;" "One New Year's Eve;" and "Vivienne. Printed in paper covers, with clear large type. Another novel by the same writer is "O Tender Dolores." Like all from her pen it is a love-story, with every charm of freshness and naturalness. Sentimental without exaggeration, vivid, absorbing and romantic all within the bounds of probability. In paper cover. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

Every year a knowledge of short hand-writing is becoming more and more valuable. The very best book we know of for studying this useful accomplishment is that published in cheap form by Benn Pitman & Jerome B. Howard. Everything is made as plain as simple language can make it and there is no one who cannot learn shorthand from its pages who is possessed of ordinary capacity and is willing to show some application. Published by the authors at The Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

An elegantly printed and illustrated book on "The Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World," written by Bartholdi, the sculptor, has been published for the benefit of the Pedestal Fund by the *North American Review*, New York. It contains the whole history of the great work from its inception: how it was put together, etc., the whole making a most valuable and entertaining volume. The North American Review, New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Parodies for July contains skits on "To be or not to be;" from parts of Macbeth: "The seven ages of man;" Of Woman; Of Acting; etc. It is an unique publication and its issues contain much of the highest value to the literateur as well as of interest to the general reader. Published at 190 Strand, London, England.

The Midsummer Holiday number of *The Century* contains the following illustrated articles: Camp Grindstone; the summer meeting-place, for games and races, of the American Canoe Association, in the Thousand Islands; a paper on William Lloyd Garrison, by his sons Wendell Phillips Garrison and Francis Jackson Garrison—a portrait of Mr. Garrison serving as a frontispiece. Typical Dogs; The Last of the Seven Days' Battles, by Gen. Fitz John Porter, and another chapter from the Recollections of a Private. The fiction of the number embraces; A Story with a Hero, by James F. McKay; the concluding part of Silas Lapham, by W. D. Howells, and the seventh part of The Bostonians, by Henry James. A Virginia Girl in the First Year of the War, by Mrs. Burton Harrison, has a story interest in its picture of Southern ways and its amusing anecdotes of civilian life in camp. A paper, On Hotel Keeping—Present and Future, is by George Iles. Of a timely nature also is Henry King's suggestive paper, with map, on "The Indian Territory—What it Is, and What it Should Be." In the Topics of the Times, and Open Letters, some fresh topics are discussed, and Bric-a-Brac contains some humorous verses by several writers. The Century Co., New York.

The Magazine of American History for August well sustains the elevated and merited reputation enjoyed by that excellent periodical. It has for a frontispiece a fine portrait on steel of Major-General John A. Dix. Among the particularly attractive papers are the second instalment of, Beginnings of the Civil War in America, by Gen. Thomas Jordan, C. S. A., with thirteen illustrations, including portraits of Jeff Davis, Toombs, Benjamin, Mallory and others; Cincinnati with the War Fever, by General Henry M. Cist, also illustrated; The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by Hon. J. W. Gerard; Presidential Elections Historically Considered, by Prof. E. W. Gilliam. The departments all overflow with interesting reading. Published at 30 Lafayette Place New York.

A vegetable product used only in Ayer's Ague Cure, has proved itself a never failing remedy for all malarial diseases. Warranted.

Humorous.

A PARADOX.

I recollect how grieved I was
When cousin Amy married,
I thought her very rude because
For me she had not tarried.
She gave to my affection green
Encouragement in plenty,
For I was under seventeen,
And she was five-and-twenty.

Fair Amy is a widow now,
Her sorrow last outgrowing,
'Tis very singular, I vow,
The way the years are going,
With me, at an *allegro* rate,
With her a graceful *lente*—
Now I am nearing thirty-eight,
And she is six-and-twenty.

—FRED A.

A generous father—Government pap.

The worst of collisions—Running into debt.

A corn dodger—A man who avoids tight boots.

Why does a society lady never shed tears? Because she wants to keep her powder dry.

A man feels a pride in being spoken of as "one of the oldest inhabitants," but a woman never does.

Charles Lamb remarked of one of his critics: "The more I think of him, the less I think of him."

A seedy man was recently bewailing the fact that he had on a worn-out pair of shoes. "Never mind," said a friend, sympathetically, "there is many an honest heart beats beneath a pair of old shoes."

A piano was stolen from a church in Buffalo, N. Y., recently. Since then the congregation has grown much larger, and it is proposed to present the thief with a handsome testimonial—if he can be found.

"What's that on your nose?" asked one member of Congress of another. "Oh, that's nothing but a political gathering," was the reply. "I disputed a question with a member of the opposite party last evening."

"Doctor," said a gentleman to a physician, "my daughter had a fit this morning, and afterwards remained without knowledge and understanding." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

"Little boy, do you understand what is meant by energy and enterprise?" "No, pa, I don't think I do." "Well, I will tell you. One of the richest men came here without a shirt to his back, and now he has got millions." "Millions! How many does he put on at a time now, pa?"

"Yes, sir," said the Kentuckian, as they sat by the stove, on whose top gracefully reposed the pedals of that individual, "you kin tell a man's rank in this State thusly: If you see a man with his feet on the top of the stove, he's a general; but if his feet is on that rail about half way up, he's a kernel; and if he keeps them on the floor, he's a major." "Ah, yes;" said his companion, "that's good as far as it goes; but how are you going to distinguish a captain or lieutenant?" "Stranger, we don't go no lower than major in Kentucky."

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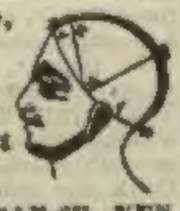

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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Headache, Nausea, Dizziness, and Drowsiness. They stimulate the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, to healthy action, assist digestion, and increase the appetite. They combine cathartic, diuretic, and tonic properties of the greatest value, are a purely vegetable compound, and may be taken with perfect safety, either by children or adults. E. L. Thomas, Framingham, Mass., writes: "For a number of years I was subject to violent Headaches, arising from a disordered condition of the stomach and bowels. About a year ago I commenced the use of Ayer's Pills, and have not had a headache since." W. P. Hannah, Gormley P. O., York Co., Ont., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the last thirty years, and can safely say that I have never found their equal as a cathartic medicine. I am never without them in my house." C. D. Moore, Elgin, Ill., writes: "Indigestion, Headache, and Loss of Appetite, had so weakened and debilitated my system, that I was obliged to give up work. After being under the doctor's care for two weeks, without getting any relief, I began taking Ayer's Pills. My appetite and strength returned, and I was soon enabled to resume my work, in perfect health."

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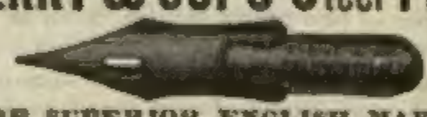

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There is not a home in this broad land where the name of ULYSSES S. GRANT is not known. His valiant services in the army so endeared him to the grateful hearts of the people that they twice, by overwhelming majorities, elected him President.

Now that he has passed away from earthly scenes and honor, what more fitting memento of this great man can be obtained than this

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We have, therefore, published this beautiful picture. All its different features have been designed by the best artists; the excellent portrait is correct in its details, and is admitted by all to be a striking and lifelike likeness.

The picture proper is a grand combination, appropriately and artistically grouped together. Looking at the picture, at the top is the suggestive title,

WE MOURN OUR LOSS.

It would be impossible to obtain a more significant title than the one we have adopted. For there is no one, irrespective of party differences, but what freely gave forth their heartfelt sympathy during the last days of the life of this noble hero. Below the title, in a medallion, is a lifelike portrait of

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

It was copied from a photograph recently taken. Great care and taste have been used to make this a correct likeness. On the right and left of the portrait are two beautifully designed banners, on which is emblazoned,

LIST OF BATTLES AND ROLL OF HONOR.

Below the portrait, enclosed in a pretty design, is the Letter of Capitulation, which General Grant sent General Lee, at Appomattox Court House, Va., April 9th, 1865, and the reply of General Lee, with a fac-simile of both signatures. The table upon which this letter was written is also represented. Below, and to the right and left, is a fac-simile of

THE GRANT MEDAL.

In the space on the sides of the medal is a correct history of the

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Following are some of the most striking dresses to be seen at the leading summer fashion resorts:

Costume of dark blue veiling, with deep flounce embroidered with red dots—dots thicker toward edge, which was scalloped and bound in red; blue drapery and short apron; bodice blue, with red plaited vest and glimpse of cream-colored lace, showing like jabot; turban blue straw, trimmings red velvet and corn-flowers; parasol changeable red and blue. Other costume of dark blue satin, and blue and red striped satin and faille; bonnet covered with blue beads.

Young girl's costume of brown and white checked silk; bodice of brown cloth, tabs behind; white vest; round beige straw, brown velvet trimmings and wings. A tailor-made suit of white veiling with gold braided plastrons, cuffs covered with gold braid, large gold buttons on both sides of plastron, two against the plaited back of bodice; Leghorn hat, poke shaped, front bent into three large flutings, red velvet lining, yellow embroidered net covering crown, bunch of bright field flowers; costume of pongee, very long apron, trimmed with loops of garnet velvet ribbon, garnet velvet vest, cuffs, collar and three long loops set on back of bodice, additional trimming of beige lace; bonnet rough and ready yellow straw, with some beige lace veiling, the garnet velvet on the brim and a pretty cluster of soft velvet poppies; parasol of pongee, in rows upon rows of scallops, beige lace on edge.

Some summer mantelets are in Chantilly lace, with dark velvet braces, short, fitting the figure at the back, but longer in front; Chantilly drapery and a velvet band. Mantles are little more than shoulder capes, with a narrow part of the front lengthened like a mantilla. These small wraps are now popular with young ladies, who wear them sometimes made entirely of one rich material; but there are more often a combination of two pretty fabrics, such as lace for the front, with beaded grenadine for the high sides that are set upon the shoulders. Velvet sometimes forms the back of mantles that have a piece of lace on the high shoulders, and the fronts may be either plaited lace or velvet.

It takes very small quantities for these little wraps; but, as they are of rather costly materials, the best plan is to buy the model, and fit it in white muslin to the figure, then measure the muslin, and obtain the exact quantity. Simple mantles are made sometimes in the material of the dress with which they are worn. For instance, blue or tan-colored bison cloth black or fawn-colored camel's hair, have the short scarf mantle reaching only to the elbows and waist line, and trimmed all over with lengthwise rows of narrow mohair braid, or else the back and fronts are plain, and the braid is in horizontal rows, very close together, placed on the sides only.

Some cloth fringe cut in strips, or chenille fringe, or wool lace, forms the trimming. If some small bits of Chantilly or guipure piece lace are left over, these make pretty mantles over white, black, green, or red lining silk, with only one gathered row of lace for its edging.

Large hats are fewer than usual at fashionable watering-places, generally the spot beyond all others where they bloom forth. There is, for the morning, for the traveling suit, rather a run on plain black straw turbans, which are just twisted about with cream-colored gauze as often as not or have a large rosette-like cocarde of pink or white crape on the front. With the satteens, the pink or blue lace-trimmed cambrics, the white dresses worn with colored sashes (orange or yellow offer a rather unexpected and pleasant change amid the whites and pinks and blues). They are rough and ready yokes, velvet lined, trimmed with white moll and field flowers. In the evening and for the drive there are little bonnets that are the daintiest imaginable fabrications of shirred white crepe, or of pale blue crepe shirred in under spirals of white seed pearls with a crape cocarde showered over with pearls as its only finish, or of red crepe with gold or black beads. Or again there are little straw capotes with gold lace set over pale blue velvet, blue moire strings and bunch of forget-me-nots; or mere networks of gold beads, with a knot of yellow moire of the front and strings to correspond. A capote entirely composed of iridescent beads, showing the hair through was worn with a superb costume of garnet and blue striped faille and satin—"pekin"—the other night. The front of this dress was plain dark blue covered with a diagonally draped apron of net glittering with iridescent beads and edged with a deep flounce of beige lace. The bodice was striped and had a beaded plastron, the changing rainbow glistening of which was half hidden under beige lace. These combinations of dark blue and dark red are very popular. There are also frequent combinations of lighter blues with bright red. For dancing time has been taken wisely by the forelock and some "delicious creations," as a Frenchman would put it are exhibited. Vide: A ball dress of white tulle, with a plaited front run thickly across with ribbons of white satin. Flat panels on the sides are barred in the same way, but lengthwise instead of across.

The train—only a demi-train—is of white tulle spangled with tiny white stars, a fleecy, fluffy cloud flowing over plain tulle and white satin underneath. The bodice is of plain satin, all virginal white, low, sleeveless and draped about the neck. A high necked gown is of white embroidered net over surah; the skirt is caught up now and then with that apparently careless but artistic grace which gives the intangible quality or "style" to a dress. The surah bodice is covered with the "all over" embroidery, and the lace front, draped loosely and diagonally, is drawn in at the waist under a bouquet of red roses of generous proportions.

Notice must also be taken of a pale blue surah with a narrow front set into the most imperceptible of little, fine side plaits; panels disposed in alternate bars of broad box plaits and clusters of tiny plaits as before, with jabots of pompadour, accentuated by knots of blue moire separating the two; the black consists wholly of surah flounces, six or eight inches deep, and each one finished with a frill of Pompadour and tucked on the edge with a dainty minuteness. These same little infinitesimal plaits form the outside of the sleeves and the plastron, which has frills of Pompadour to soften its plainness, and three straps of moire ribbon ending in tiny bows taken slantingly across it near the waist.

A most unique dress of a different character is of "mousse" faille—"moss-green." The back is full, straight and undraped. It is striped across from the top to the bottom with horizontal rows of garnet velvet; the front is narrow and composed of alternate bisses of garnet velvet and green faille, describing over-lapping points. The panels are bands of black etamine worked in gold and black beads. Faille bodice is ornamented with velvet and embroidery, as aforesaid.

As to details, the hair is worn universally in one way, loose French twist and smooth knots or loops on top of the head, struck through with tortoise-shell pins of a very light tint; slightly waved front locks covering but little of the forehead. Jewelry, except the usual solitaires and rings, is inconspicuous. All dresses during the day are very high in the neck, or if the colored transparents are low, the thin upper material invariably follows the prevailing rule. It is not customary to wear gloves except in driving and at the races. Then they are almost always loose-twisted undressed kids of the very palest buff, just shaded off white.

The latest Parisian device in letter paper, and one which, it seems, has been specially designed for use at watering places, doubtless because of its more flashy than solid characteristics, is christened "Mahdi paper." It is the most brilliant of reds, envelopes and all. It is ornamented with the crest or monogram in gold. In the sense that cheapness is synonymous with questionable taste, one would be inclined to think the "Mahdi" paper very inexpensive; but instead of this, it is quite a comparatively costly luxury, certain special processes having to be gone through with in dyeing in order to obtain just the requisite carmine tint.

Domestic Economy.

ENTREES.

I once heard of a cook who was exceeding great in entrees. She was not a particularly clever cook in other ways—she very often failed in making simple things, while her mistress was a very quiet, homely body, who if she invited a friend to dine with her, was perfectly content if she had a plain joint and a good pudding, with a little ripe cheese to finish dinner. Yet, whenever the announcement was made that a stranger was expected, the maid invariably made the inquiry—

"What entrees would you wish, madam?"

The poor mistress was so thoroughly subdued by this, that she was really unhappy every time she had to give orders for an additional knife and fork to be laid. At length she confided her difficulties to a friend, who advised her next time cook put the dreaded question to reply—

"I wish chicken croquettes and cutlets a la Talleyrand."

This was done, and it was now the cook's turn to be dismayed. She was obliged to confess that she did not make either of the entrees mentioned; and, indeed, that with entrees in general she was quite unfamiliar.

The humiliation of the confession reduced her to a proper state of mind, and her mistress was never again called upon to answer unnecessary questions.

The cook thought an entree was something very grand, and that her pretended skill in making them proved her to be a good cook.

She was, however, thus far mistaken, because an entree need not be grand at all; it may be very simple, although if it is to be worth anything, it must be well dished and made to look attractive and pretty. M. Soyer, a very famous cook, said that in common terms entrees were "made dishes," and this expression helps us to understand their nature though not their position.

In a regular orthodox dinner these made dishes are brought in after the fish and before the joint. They are handed round to the guests and are understood to consist of some little tasty delicacy which shall whet the appetite without satisfying it. They may be made of all sorts of things—game, fish, flesh, or fowl, and pastry, but they must be prepared in a fancy way, and they must be small.

Seeing, therefore, the important position which entrees hold in the order of dinner, we cannot wonder that our friend the cook thought a great deal of them.

It will be understood that although entrees are somewhat troublesome to prepare, they need not be expensive, because the remains of an ordinary meat dinner can be converted into an inviting entree. Of this inexpensive nature are croquettes, rissoles, and kromeskies, all very favorite entrees. The foundation of these three preparations is really the same; it is meat—generally cooked meat—finely minced and pleasantly seasoned, and covered with an outer case before being cooked a second time. I fancy that a little confusion exists as to what it is which constitutes the difference between the three.

Even in cookery books they are often referred to as if the terms were interchangeable. In this matter I take as my authority a celebrated *chef*, for whose opinion on these questions I entertain a great respect. He says that when a preparation of mince before being fried is dipped in egg and rolled in breadcrumbs it is a croquette; when it is wrapped in thin paste it is a rissole; and when it is wrapped in a thin sheet of bacon fat or pig's caul, then dipped in batter, it is a kromeski. In every instance the initial steps are alike; it is the finishing process which varies.

The great objection which ordinary individuals entertain to preparations of this description is that the meat is dry. This is certainly a fault, and it ought not to be the case. The covering on the outside should be dry and crisp, but the inside should be moist and savory when hot, though firm and stiff when cold, otherwise the mixture cannot be rolled into balls, nor will these balls retain their shape.

To secure this object, therefore, the mince should be mixed either with a thick white sauce called panade, or with a little strong gravy which will jelly when cold. When hot, the gravy or sauce will dissolve and flow; when cold, it will be firm, which is exactly what we want. For the sake of illustration I will now give recipes for croquettes and rissoles of chicken. Girls will, however, understand that whatever sort of meat is used, the method of making is the same; the seasoning only must be varied.

Chicken Croquettes.—Cut the meat off some cold dressed chicken and put with it a third of its bulk in lean ham. Mince the meat finely, and if possible send it through a sausage machine, and season it pleasantly with pepper, salt, and cayenne. We will suppose there is half a pound of meat. When quite fine, melt an ounce of butter in a small stewpan, mix an ounce of flour smoothly with it, and add a gill of stock. Cook the mixture thoroughly, stirring it briskly all the time, until it leaves the sides of the saucepan in one mass with the spoon. Unless this part of the business is done thoroughly, the croquettes will not be firm enough to keep in shape when cold. Lift the sauce off the fire, add two tablespoonfuls of cream, the minced meat, and a squeeze of lemon juice, and mix all thoroughly; then spread the mixture on a plate and put it in a cool place for two or three hours to get cold and firm. Have ready some bread-crumbs which have been made fine and even by being passed through a wire sieve. Divide the croquette mixture into parts about the size of a large walnut, roll these to the shape of balls or corks, brush them over with egg, roll them in bread-crumbs, and place a single layer of them in the frying basket until wanted. It will not spoil them, but rather improve them, if they be made some time before they are wanted. When ready to fry them, take a saucepan half full of fat, make it hot (this, it will be remembered, means put it over the fire till it is still and a blue smoke rises from it), then put the basket into it and move the croquettes about till they are lightly browned, when they will be done. Lay them on kitchen paper and then dish them prettily in a circle, putting fried parsley in the middle by way of garnish. If liked, the balls can be floured instead of being egged and breaded.

With kromeskies the mince is divided into small portions, each of which must be rolled securely in a piece of pig's caul (which has been soaked in water till white, and dried by being pressed in a cloth), dipped in frying batter and dropped into hot fat and fried till the batter is cooked.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Confidential Correspondents.

A. R. R.—A roll made of wire, with the figure or design required worked in it, passes over the pulp in a moist condition and leaves an impress, which is called a water-mark.

Sioux.—"Taking a bee-line," means taking the most direct route between two given points. "As the crow flies" and an "air-line" are other expressions of the same description.

B. R. E.—The only way for persons who cannot get such employment as they want, is to take such as they can get. Hard work might be the very best thing for your "weak constitution."

A. D. M.—Gutta-percha is procured from the sap of the Isonandra Gutta, a large forest tree growing in the Malayan Peninsula and on the islands near it. As a non-conductor of electricity it is invaluable in constructing submarine telegraphs.

Hogue.—The Bible, the Parian Chronicle, the Histories of Herodotus, the father of history, and Ctesias, and the poems of Homer, are the foundations of early ancient history. Later ancient history is considered as ending with the destruction of the Roman empire in Italy, 476.

J. J. P.—Persevere in your efforts to improve your neglected education, and you will soon see some fruits to reward your toil. It is possible to learn to write French without the aid of a teacher, and even to get a fairly accurate pronunciation, although the niceties of French accent cannot be acquired from books.

Cannibalism.—This horror has prevailed from the remotest time. The Greeks inform us that it was a primitive and universal custom, and some savage tribes eat human flesh at the present day. St. Jerome says that some British tribes ate human flesh. The Scythians were drinkers of human blood. Columbus found cannibals in America.

Harry.—Advice in your case would be needless. The young lady with whom you are desperately in love, rashly proposes an elopement, but you, for her sake, very properly decline, thinking that her father would cut her out of his will if married without his consent. The man who could resist such a tempting proposal from a woman he fondly loves is better calculated to give than receive any advice.

Charlotte.—Although a young lady may be plain in the face, yet with the advantage of a good figure and an amiable disposition she ought not to despair of receiving the addresses of a suitor. We are sorry to hear that the young gentlemen in your neighborhood are so unable to appreciate the merits of the young ladies; but you are not the only lady who writes in a similar style of complaint. We really do wish that the young gentlemen everywhere would think less of short pipes and bitter beer, and more of the fair sex.

F. Edmond.—(1.) Helen was the wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, and according to the legend she eloped with Paris, a Trojan prince, while he was her husband's guest. To avenge this wrong, Menelaus induced the allied armies of Greece to invest Troy, and after a siege of ten years the city was taken and burnt to the ground. (2.) Hector was one of the sons of Priam, king of Troy. The greatest and ablest of all the Trojan chiefs, he was the generalissimo of the forces which defended the city, and was slain in the last year of the war by Achilles, who insultingly dragged the dead body thrice round the walls of the beleaguered town. (3.) The story of Ajax is that, in consequence of his insolence to Cassandra, the prophetic daughter of Priam, his ship was driven on a rock and he was drowned. (4.) Agamemnon, king of the Argives, was commander-in-chief of the allied Greeks in the siege of Troy.

M. L. D.—It may be that the greater part of your troubles and unhappiness comes from being too suspicious. If a woman unhappily fears she has cause to doubt the love of her husband, let her, while they are but doubts, keep them to herself. Many a husband's affections have been alienated, and many a husband has been goaded into acts of dissipation, because indignant at mere groundless suspicions. Besides, no husband was ever yet reclaimed from wayward conduct, nor were any husband's waning affections ever restored to their original warmth and purity, by angry words, or by a careless tirade of suspicious accusations. If a woman desires to win back a husband's alienated or lost affections, she should carefully conceal her knowledge of his misconduct, as the only means to effect such a purpose. If, however, you do not care for a reconciliation with your husband, but desire finally to bring about a lasting alienation and separation, your suspicious, fault-finding, scolding course is the very one for you to pursue.

C. C.—The ocean covers more than half the globe, and this large body of water is in a continual motion, ebbing and flowing alternately; that is, if the tide is now at high water mark, it will presently subside and flow back for about six hours, when it will be at low water mark. The time of high water is about three-quarters of an hour later every day for nearly thirty days, when it begins as before. This answers to the motion of the moon; for she rises every day about three-quarters of an hour later than the preceding one, and thus completes her revolution round the earth in about thirty days. Though the earth's diameter bears a considerable proportion to its distance from the moon, yet this diameter is nothing compared with the earth's distance from the sun, consequently the difference of the sun's attraction on the sides of the earth opposite to him will be far less than the difference of the moon's attraction on the sides opposite to her; therefore the moon must raise the tides higher than they could be by the sun.

Curious.—Three kinds of divination were professed by the Persian magi, viz.:—First, "Necromancy," which appears to have been twofold; the predicting future events by the inspection of dead bodies, and the invocation of departed spirits, who were said to be compelled by incantations to unfold the dark decrees of fate, a science which has, in all ages, been almost universally diffused over the earth. Secondly, "Lecanomancy," by which demons, in obedience to certain powerful powerful songs and chants, were alleged to be obliged to enter a vessel filled with water and to answer whatever questions were put to them. Thirdly, "Hydromancy," which differs from the preceding in this respect, that the voice of the demon was not heard, but his form was said to be perceptible in the water, in which he represented, either by means of his satellites or by written verses, the cause and issue of any particular event. Whether the celebrated Zoroaster was acquainted with these three species cannot well be determined. He has been called the inventor of magic, the truth of which is very doubtful.